THE MARION DAILY STAR.

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WASHINGTON NEWS.

Doings of the National Houses of Congress.

TWO LONG SESSIONS HELD.

The Legislative Appropriation Bill, the Immigration Bill and a Number of Others Pass the Senate, While the House Puts in the Entire Day Discussing the Shipping Bill and Passes It at Midnight—Other Washington Dispatches.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—In the senate yesterday the message of the president vetoing the bill establishing a record and pension office of the war department was received.

Papers supporting the claim of William D. Candler to a seat in the senate from the state of Idaho for the term beginning March 4 next, the seat for which Fred T. Dubois is also claimant, were presented and filed.

The Nicaragua canal bill was laid aside for this session. The legislative appropriation bill was passed with a number of amendments, and the immigration bill, together with a number of private bills, were taken from the calendar and passed.

Among those that were taken up and passed were the following:

For the allowance of certain claims for stores and supplies taken and used by the United States army, as reported by the court of claims under the provisions of the act of March 3, 1883, known as the Bowman act, with amendments.

To authorize the Rapid and Bridge company to construct a bridge across Red river at or near Alexandria, La.; for the relief of Hart county, Ky., and for the relief of David H. Russell.

The senate then began consideration of the Indian appropriation bill, it being charged with the committee amendments, except to matters of importance being passed over.

Amendments were offered and discussed until 10 o'clock and was finally laid over.

The senate then proceeded to consideration of bills on the calendar. The first bill taken up was one providing that railroad land grants shall not convey the title to coal or other mineral lands. It was championed by Mr. Sanders, and opposed by Messrs. Edmunds and Platt as a proposition to annul existing rights. Finally Mr. Edmunds suggested that there was no quorum present and as the roll showed that there were only thirty-nine senators in the chamber, five less than a quorum, the sergeant-at-arms was directed to request the attendance of absentees.

A motion to adjourn was defeated, yeas, 12; nays, 20.

Still business was suspended for more than half an hour, when the motion to adjourn was renewed and agreed to; and at 1:40, the senate adjourned.

House Proceedings.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28. — The house devoted the entire day to debate on the shipping bill, and began voting on amendments to the measure at 5 o'clock. It was continued in continuous session until after 11 o'clock, when the reading of the bill was ordered by a vote of 147 yeas to 145 nays.

Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, moved that the bill be recommitted to the committee on merchant marine and fisheries, with instructions to that committee to report back forthwith a bill, similar to the one before it on the same subject, to provide for ocean mail service between the United States and foreign ports. The bill is identical with the substitute which Candler, of Massachusetts, described to-day, except that it eliminates the ownership clause of the latter measure.

The speaker ruled that Cannon's motion was in order, and put the previous question on the motion, which was ordered. Yeas 125, nays 108.

The question then followed on Mr. Cannon's motion to recommit with instructions, and it was carried: Yeas 144, nays 142.

During the roll call there was great confusion on the floor. The first call showed that there was no party feeling involved in the question, and Republicans and Democrats alike voted as they desired. But then began a series of changes of votes, the Republicans who had voted in the negative changing their votes to the affirmative, and the Democrats who had voted in the affirmative recording their votes in the negative.

Twice had the vote to be recapitulated before its accuracy could be relied upon. The motion was finally announced, and immediately Mr. Farquhar, of New York, rose and reported back the bill with the instructions.

The bill having been read, a fusillade of points of order was directed from the Democratic side.

The speaker overruled these points of order, and the senate bill as amended was passed—yeas 146, nays 120.

Mr. Bland moved that a conference be ordered, which Mr. Farquhar moved an adjournment. Lost—yeas 122, nays 141.

Pending the motion on Farquhar's motion, the house at 12 midnight adjourned.

Confirmations.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—The senate in executive session yesterday afternoon confirmed the following nominations: Henry W. Blair of New Hampshire, minister to China; Truxton Beale, of California, minister to Persia. Consuls, J. A. Anderson, of Kansas, Cairo; Edmund Dwight, of Indian territory, Asuncion; H. M. Hazel, of New York, Clifton, Canada; J. V. Long, of Pennsylvania, Horgen; Selah Merrill, of Massachusetts, Jerusalem; P. C. Hanna, of Iowa, Lourenco Marques; W. S. Stanley, of Wisconsin, Portau Prince; N. S. S. H. M. Byers, of Iowa, St. Gall; A. E. Neill, of Maine, St. Stephens, N. B.; W. W. Apperson, of Kansas, Vera Cruz.

A number of army, navy and marine corps promotions were also confirmed.

Text of the Immigration Bill.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—The immigration bill, passed by the senate yesterday, provides for the exclusion from admission into the United States of all insane persons, paupers, persons likely to become paupers, persons suffering from loathsome or contagious disease, persons convicted of crimes involving moral turpitude, polygamists, contract laborers. It is provided that persons convicted of political offenses shall not be excluded, notwithstanding the offense may be designated as a felony, etc., involving moral turpitude, by the laws of the country from which the offenders come. The present contract law is amended with a view to making it more binding, but ministers, [illegible] professors in colleges, [illegible] provisions of the contract labor act.

Persons bringing into the United States by vessel or otherwise any alien not lawfully entitled to enter is deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and punishable by a fine not exceeding $1,000.

All aliens who come unlawfully to the United States shall be immediately sent back on the vessel by which they are brought, the cost of their maintenance and their return to be borne by the owners of the vessels on which the aliens came, and if any owner of such vessel shall refuse to receive back on board such alien, or neglect to return them he shall be punished by a fine of not less than $300 for each offense, and the vessel shall not have clearance from any port in the United States while the fine is unpaid.

The bill also provides that no steamship or transportation company or owners of vessels shall directly or through agents, either by writing, printing, or oral representations, solicit, invite or encourage the immigration of any alien into the United States except by ordinary commercial letters, circulars, advertisements, or oral representations, stating the sailings of their vessels and the terms and facilities of transportation therein, and for a violation of this provision any such steamship or transportation company, and any such owners of vessels, and the agents by them employed, shall be subjected to the penalties imposed by the present law.

The Postal Subsidy Bill.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—The substitute for the senate postal subsidy bill, passed by the house last night, merely authorizes the postmaster general to contract for not less than five nor more than ten years with American citizens for carrying mails in American steamships between the United States and foreign ports (the Dominion of Canada excepted) to subserve and promote the postal and commercial interests of the United States—the mail service to be distributed equitably among the ports of the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf of Mexico, and the vessels contracted with be of American construction and officered by American citizens.

Huston and His Successor.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—It is generally accepted here as a fact that United States Treasurer Huston has resigned and that J. A. Lemcke will be appointed his successor. None of the parties interested will authorize any statement on the subject, and the truth of the rumors cannot be either officially denied or affirmed. The reasons assigned for Mr. Huston's resignations are both political and social dissatisfaction with the administration in that he and his family were not properly recognized in either respect.

Attended His First Cabinet Meeting.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—Secretary Foster for the first time represented the treasury department at the cabinet meeting yesterday. All the members of the cabinet except Secretary Blaine were present. Secretary Foster on his return from the cabinet meeting was refused admittance to the treasury department. A friend with him explained to the watchman that the gentleman with him was the secretary of the treasury and he was admitted.

Postoffice Appropriations.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27.—Senator Plumb reported the postoffice appropriation bill last night from the committee on appropriations. The aggregate of the bill is increased $25,000, the principal changes being an increase from $60,000,000 to $61,000,000 for the compensation of postoffice clerks and reductions from $295,000 to $290,000 for preventing mail depredations and from $50,000 to $40,000 for purchase of cancelling stamps, repairing, etc.

Minister to China.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—The president sent to the senate Friday the nomination of Henry W. Blair, of New Hampshire, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to China. The nomination was confirmed.

KENTUCKY DISTILLERS.

They Will Meet in Louisville to Transact Some Important Business.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 28.—A meeting of the distillers of the state is to be held next week at the Galt house, in accordance with the following request, dated at Louisville, Feb. 19:

"The undersigned distillers of Louisville, believing it is essential to the best interests of the distillers of this state, that an association of some sort be formed, and that monthly meetings be had in this city, at which questions affecting our mutual interests may be discussed, hereby requests that you issue a call for meeting No. 1, to occur not later than March 3, in the gentlemen's parlor at the Galt house."

This is signed by E. L. Miles & Company, J. G. Mattingly company, Belle of Nelson Distillery company, John G. Roach & Company, the J. M. Atherton company, Old Times Distillery company, J. B. Wathen & Brother company, the Nelson County Distillery company, and H. McKenna.

In accordance with this request a circular to the distillers of the state has been issued calling a meeting for March 3. Some matters of great importance to the whisky trade will be discussed.

A EUROPEAN WAR.

Trouble Brewing Between France and Germany.

THE RESULT OF A ROYAL VISIT.

The Emperor of Germany Will Demand an Explanation From the French Government of the Hostility Shown His Mother in Paris—Other Foreign News.

LONDON, Feb. 28.—According to a Berlin dispatch the treatment of the Empress Frederick in Paris is arousing a very bitter feeling in the court circles, and the animosity displayed toward France is deeper than it has been in many years. This is exactly what was predicted in France as likely to happen, when the kaiser permitted an intimation to go out of his own intention to visit Paris. It was then stated by well-informed French authority that a German imperial visit would be more likely to hasten than to prevent a European war.

It is said that the kaiser has resolved to demand satisfaction from the French government for the annoyances and hostility to which his mother has been subjected in Paris. The latest advices from Paris show that feeling runs very high in that city, and it might be dangerous for that government to offer even the semblance of an apology to the kaiser, and it is not at all likely that any explanation whatever will be given.

Labor Troubles in England.

LONDON, Feb. 28.—Three hundred union dockers applied for work at the Albert docks on the shipping federation's terms. A number of the applications have been granted.

The dockers' union has removed its boycott from one of three lines upon which the ban was placed. The federation insists upon its removal from all the lines before negotiations begin for a settlement.

A conference has been held between the coal owners and miners at Durham, but the former refused to make any concessions, and the strike is still in progress.

The strike of dockers at Hull has begun. The federation has no difficulty in obtaining a full quota of men.

All the dock laborers at Aberdeen have struck. The struggle threatens to be a severe one.

Enforcing the Anti-Jewish Laws.

LONDON, Feb. 28.—One of the Jewish families expelled from Novgorod has arrived at Willenberg, Prussia, near the Russian border. They report the total number of families expelled from the city of Novgorod are 617, and from the rural districts adjoining forty-nine. The family whose name is Kaplan, give a hideous account of the suffering caused by the enforcement of the anti-Jewish laws. One Jewish merchant was found dead with his wife and five children, also dead, in their house where they had lived for many years. It is supposed they had taken poison. In the merchant's hand was grasped the notice of banishment. The property of the exiles is being bought up for a song by Russian speculators.

Labor Day in Germany.

BERLIN, Feb. 28.—Notwithstanding the resolution of the German socialists that the first Sunday in May, and not the 1st of May, ought to be celebrated as labor's holiday, this year, the workmen of Austria have determined to adhere to the first day of May as the date. The majority of employers in Germany promised, last year, to allow the celebration of May Day by their hands.

Jews Coming by the Steamer Load.

LONDON, Feb. 28.—The friends of the Russian Jews are much stirred up over the growing disposition to prevent further immigration of that class into England. It is stated that passages are being bought by the steamer load, for the transfer of Russian Jews to the United States.

The Pope Wants a Pointer.

ROME, Feb. 28.—During the fetes next week celebrating the pope's coronation, his holiness will receive the members of the Sacred college, but will not refer to political questions, as he desires to first observe the course of the new ministry.

A Number of Heads Broken.

LONDON, Feb. 28.—There was some rioting in Aberdeen yesterday, growing out of the strike in the shipping trade. The police charged the mob repeatedly, and a number of heads were broken.

Had It All His Own Way for Awhile.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Feb. 28. — After twenty years of continued swindling, by which he has managed to defraud firms in Georgia and other states out of amounts aggregating $50,000, A. J. Dicken, of Mershon, is now on trial in the United States court here for using the mails for fraudulent purposes. According to the testimony he would send for a small bill of goods and refer to a fictitious firm at Mershon, where he served as postmaster. When the letters of inquiry came he would answer them giving himself a firstclass business rating. The first bill he would pay as a bait. Then he would order a large lot of goods, for which the pay never came.

One of the Cronin Lawyers Dead.

CHICAGO, Feb. 28.—George C. Ingham, of the firm of Mills & Ingham, and one of the most widely known and brilliant of the younger members of the Chicago bar, died suddenly late last night at his home from heart disease. Mr. Ingham was one of the lawyers for the prosecution in the Cronin trial.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—The executive committee of the Republican league of the United States have issued the official call for the fourth annual convention of the league. The convention is to be held in Cincinnati on April 21.

AFFAIRS IM HONOLULU.

Advices Brought By the United States Steamer Charleston.



THE NEW QUEEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 28.—The United States steamer Charleston arrived here from Honolulu yesterday afternoon. On the 16th inst. Her Majesty received at the Palace Rear Admiral Brown and staff, of the Charleston; Capt. Shepard, of the Mohican, and United States Minister Stevens. The latter and the admiral addressed the queen in congratulatory terms on her accession. Previous to the Charleston's departure swarms of natives brought bananas, oranges, pineapples and other tributes to Admiral Brown. Many of the Hawiian women in depositing their offerings kissed the admiral's hands.

An organization of native and foreigners has been formed to secure the erection of a monument to the late king in the Palace square. The plan is that the monument shall be a National token and it is proposed to solicit subscriptions.

At noon, Monday, the day after the royal funeral, the Charleston and the Mohican fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns each in honor of Lilinokalani's accession.

The Honolulu Bulletin, in an editorial says: "The United States government has set us a broad example as to the National treatment of a National question, which has already touched our hearts and bound us in closer ties of brotherhood to a great nation whose friendship we honor and whose sympathy honors us."

When the cruiser left Honolulu there was a deadlock between the queen and the cabinet. The queen asked the cabinet to resign and they refused. The house of nobles assembled to hear the queen name her successor. Princess Kainlani, but as the cabinet would have to ratify the appointment, and the queen would not allow them this privilege, the house had to adjourn without doing anything.

The present cabinet consists of J. A. Cummings, minister of foreign affairs; C. W. Spencer, minister of the interior; Godfrey Brown, minister of finance and A. P. Peterson, attorney general. The question has arisen as to whether the present ministers will survive the king by whom they were appointed, or whether their term of office terminated with his death. The queen has applied to the supreme court to oust the ministry. Everything was reported quiet at the islands and there was no fear of any trouble.

WITH $6,000,000 CAPITAL.

The Big Type Founders of the Country About to Consolidate Their Interests.

CHICAGO, Feb. 28.—After negotiations which have been pending a year or more, the big type founders of the country have about effected a consolidation of their interests. The Chicago type foundries to go into the scheme are Marder, Luz & Company and the Union type foundry and possibly Barnhart Brothers & Spindler, though the latter firm has not as yet signed the option. However, they are practically as good as identified with the new concern. The capital involved is reported as $6,000,000.

The principal organizers are Edward F. C. Young, president of the First National bank of Jersey City, and Charles De Bart Brower, a prominent New York lawyer. The establishment of the uniform prices and the protection of the printer are said to be the chief reasons for the consolidation of the thirty odd type foundries. McKellar, Smith & Jourdan, of Philadelphia, the largest firm of type founders in the United States were among the first to put their shoulders to the wheel. James Connors & Sons, of New York, Farmer, Little & Company, of New York, and Palmer & Ray, of San Francisco, are also prominently to the fore.

Wholesale cutting of the price of type has been the rule of late, and owing to this, plants to printers have been decreasing in value, enabling new firms to put in entirely new plants at half the cost of plants laid in before the demoralization of prices.

Referring to the matter yesterday President Brower, of the Union Type foundry, said: "The extremities to which this price war has brought founders and printers are such that some remedy is forced upon us, and while every foundry, without exception, refuses to go into any trust, the harm being done to printers is on such an enormous scale that the founders were compelled to consent to a consolidation. This consent was practically unanimous as no founder seemed to wish to bring about the ruin of his fellows any more than he did the undermining of credit of the printers."

No date has been fixed for the time of consolidation, but the thing is surely going through, as the formal written consents of one-half of the founders have already been obtained. Next month will probably bring forth developments.

Base Ball Club in Trouble.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—Deputy Sheriff McGinnis has received execution against the New York base ball club (limited), on the judgment for $14,117 obtained some weeks ago by Garrett H. Haight, and has seized the lease of the grounds at Eight avenue and One Hundred and Fifty-first street and levied also upon other personal property of the concern.

Horrible Death in a Freight Wreck.

BURLINGTON, Iowa, Feb. 28.—At Edgerville yesterday Engineer Jesse Damp met a horrible death in the Rock Island freight wreck. The tender of his engine was forced into the cab, pinioning him against the boiler head. The steam gauge broke, allowing a stream of water to pour over the poor fellow's body until it was literally cooked.

CONDITION OF TRADE

There is Not Much Change From Last Week's Report.

A LITTLE MORE DULLNESS.

Slight Stringency in the Money Market and Complaint of Slow Collections. Effects of the Coke Strike—Business Failures of the Week Show a Small Decrease.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—R. G. Dun & Company's weekly review of trade says: There is not much change in the condition of trade, but there is a little more dullness at the south and in the northwest, with a little more stringency in money markets and complaint about slowness of collections. Collections are slow at St. Louis, Denver and Omaha; easy and prompt in dry goods, but not so prompt as before in clothing and boots and shoes at Chicago; about average at Kansas City, and satisfactory at St. Paul, but somewhat slow at Detroit, while at Cleveland much good commercial paper is renewed. At Philadelphia there are tolerably good collections in clothing and dry goods.

The money markets, though still generally called easy, give signs of steady approach to stringency, and at Omaha is quite close, at Milwaukee, in active demand, and at Cleveland rather stringent. At Boston, some scarcity of loanable funds is noticed, and rates are firm and higher. Southern reports generally note a fair demand, but no improvment in trade, while northwestern reports are less favorable as to the state of business. At Denver business is better and at Milwaukee, and no change is noticed at Kansas City and St. Paul, but it is only fair at Omaha; not so strong at St. Louis, quiet at Cincinnati and only fair in manufactures at Detroit. At Cleveland trade is fairly good, but brisk in hardware and manufactured iron, and the strike strengthens pig and manufactured iron at Pittsburg. But at Chicago, there is some decrease in receipts of nearly all products except cured meats and wool.

Business at eastern cities has been irregular. The wool trade is strengthening by comparative scarcity, and prices of some grades are higher. Trade in cottons is dull because the southern demand has dropped remarkably. In rubber goods trade is unsettled. The glass trade is fair at Pittsburg and light at Philadelphia. The coke strike has produced more inquiry for pig iron and for nearly all products of iron and steel. Coal is dull. No change is observed in the minor metals.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number, for the United States 206, and for Canada 34, or a total of 240, as against a total of 297 last week and 295 the week previous to the last. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 301, representing 257 failures in the United States and 44 in Canada.

FIGHTING ACROSS THE LINE.

The Governor of Connecticut Will Get Even With the Governor of New York.

DANBURY, Conn., Feb. 28.—Steps have already been taken by the officials here to make application for requisition papers in the the case of John W. Colburt, charged with stealing a $500 horse and carriage from the barn of William Thompson, Tuesday night, and who was arrested at Brewster and now lies in the county jail at Carmel, N. Y.

It is probable that requisition will not be granted by Governor Hill, as he refused to issue papers in the case of Fardon, the Waterbury burglar. If this is the case it is said the prisoner will undoubtedly be brought to Connecticut without a requisition, and the officer who brings him across the line will rely upon Governor Bulkely to refuse a requisition to have him (the officer) taken back to New York state on the charge of taking the prisoner from the state.

Directors Must Own Stock.

CHICAGO, Feb. 28.—A local paper says: A significant section of the "Revised rules and regulations for voting" for directors, which will be presented at some early meeting of the world's fair directory, provides that no name shall be printed on the ballots that is not backed with certificates for at least 1,000 shares of stock or proxies for same. As these revised rules will be in force at the next meeting of stockholders, April 4, the section specified is full of meaning.

No Votes Cast.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 28.—A truce has been arranged until Tuesday in the senatorial contest and many of the members of the legislature have left for their homes. On the 131st ballot yesterday the eighty members present did not answer when their names were called and the speaker announced that no votes had been cast. The joint assembly then adjourned.

Invalid Lady Burned to Death.

PADUCAH, Ky., Feb. 28.—Mrs. R. H. Dancys burned to death at Moscow, this state, by her clothes catching on fire. She was an invalid, and was alone at the time. When found she was dying, and had but a remnant of clothing upon her. Her death followed soon.

Insurance Man Worked to Death.

ST. PAUL, Feb. 28.—Frederick De Haas, of DeHaas & Vandervelde, managers of the Germania Life Insurance company in this city, shot himself at his residence at 9:30 yesterday. Temporary insanity, caused by overwork, is thought to be the cause of the deed.

The Evangelist Is Free.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 28.—At Rochester, Ind., yesterday, Mrs. Maria B. Woolworth, the noted female evangelist, was granted a divorce on account of the adultery of her husband with a colored girl of this city named Gertie Smith.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

WEAPON OF DEATH.

The Deadly Revolver in the Columbus Tragedy Found at Last.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 28.—The deadly hammerless revolver, with which William J. Elliott fired the shot that killed the innocent old man, Washington L. Hughes, and also wounded Albert C. Osborn in the chin Monday, was traced down by a Dispatch reporter late yesterday afternoon. Information was received yesterday morning that a school boy had told that he had seen W. J. Elliott hand a revolver to a man in Duffy's saloon on West State street and that the man had taken the weapon away with him.

By inquiry on West State street a clew was secured. The clerks in the grocery store of Henry T. Linke, 49 West State street, said that a school boy by the name of Cliff. Little, who lives at 269 West State street, had told a clerk that he had seen Elliott give a revolver to a man who was walking down State street with him, and the police ran toward the station house. The clerks also said that the man who was with Elliott and the policeman was Al. Bauer; that Bauer walked down State street to Front with the officer and his prisoner, or a short distance beyond, when he turned and went back; that they spoke to him when he went back.

The reporter, armed with these facts, visited the boy's home, where the story was corroborated by his parents. The parents said the boy carried papers for The Capital, and was afraid to give information about the transfer of the revolver, as he was afraid Elliott would shoot him for telling. A visit was made to the front street public school building where Cliff is a pupil. After considerable questioning, the boy related the facts as above stated.

Being convinced that Bauer was then the man who had Elliott's revolver the reporter set out to find him. Bauer was found at the Casino theater. The reporter immediately gave Bauer a distinct idea of the evidence against him, which pointed conclusively to the fact that he had taken W. J. Elliott's revolver. He was rather taken back when confronted with these facts, and asked where the reporter had received his information. Bauer then admitted that he had the revolver; that when Elliott was placed under arrest he walked for some distance by his side; that Elliott whispered to him to take his revolver from his overcoat pocket; that he did not know then that Elliott had committed murder; that after taking the revolver he removed the shells, all of which were empty and threw them down an private vault, and that when the newspapers raised such a fuss about the missing revolver he made up his mind to turn it over to Prosecutor Hurling, expecting the Elliotts to have their preliminary hearing every day since the murder.

Later in the evening Bauer was arrested by Detective Pete Murphy and is now confined in the station house. Bauer was formerly a base ball player and became somewhat associated with Elliott in this way when he was a stockholder in the Columbus club.

Judge Duncan ordered a special grand jury to be impaneled at once to investigate the Elliott murder. It will probably be called together Monday. Excitement still runs higher, but is allayed somewhat by the coroner's verdict, which is in accord with public sentiment.

RAILROAD WRECKS.

One Man Killed and Six Injured on the Erie Road Near Buffalo.

BUFFALO, Feb. 28.—A bad wreck occurred on the Erie road at East Buffalo yesterday evening, in which one man was killed and six others badly injured. The man who lost his life was John Bottoneley, a brakeman. The two men who were most injured were Engineer Maloney, of the Erie, and Engineer Dietrich, of the Lehigh Valley. None of the passengers were hurt.

The accident was caused by a collision between the Lehigh Valley express train from New York, and a wild-cat freight on the Erie found for Black Rock. Bottoneley leaves a widow and one child, who reside here. James Ryan, an engineer of the Lehigh Valley, happened to be on Dietrich's engine at the time of the accident and was badly hurt. J. J. Manning, the fireman of the Lehigh Valley engine, was internally injured probably. Earl Vader, a helper on the Lehigh Valley engine, and W. S. Cain, an Erie fireman, was also hurt. Cain was the only one of the six injured men who was not perfectly helpless.

A Daughter's Justifiable Deed.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 28.—At Pine Bluff, Ark., last evening, Frank Rafus, a negro, came home drunk and made several ineffectual attempts to fire a pistol at his wife and daughter. The latter picked up an ax and dealt him a terrible blow in the breast. Rafus' dead body was found in the woods a short distance from the house.

Ahead of Time.

BUFFALO, Feb. 28.—Miss Zoe Gaylon, the female pedestrian, who is in walking from San Francisco to New York, reached this city last evening and proceeded on her journey this morning via the New York Central track. She is now 191 miles ahead of time.

DISSOLVING A TRUST.

The National Harvester Company May Take Such Action.

BUFFALO, Feb. 28.—A secret meeting of the National Harvester company, is being held at the Iroquois hotel here. It is surmised that the conference is called to consider the advisability of dissolving the trust, which has become considerably embarrassed by its defeat in the action brought by the Clipper Chilled Plow company, of Elmira.

This action was the first against an incorporated trust that has attracted wide-spread attention. According to the evidence in the case, the trust was organized much as other trusts are by recourse to intimidation. The Clipper Chilled Plow company held out as long as it could, and only when told that the trust would make it impossible for it to do business. When having had about a month's experience, it decided to withdraw. The trust wanted to keep the Clipper company's valuable plants.

Judge Walter Lloyd Smith, of Elmira, before whom the case was tried, declared the trust an illegal organization, and gave a decision favorable to the Clipper company. The publicity given the case is exceedingly damaging to the business interest of the trust and its members. If the directors assembled in Buffalo do not decide to dissolve they will probably appeal from the decision of Judge Smith.

Cremated in a Burning Building.

SEDALIA, Mo., Feb. 28.—The house of an old lady named Mary Dunnin was discovered on fire early this morning. Before the neighbors could reach the building it had burned to the ground. Mrs. Dunnin and a 2-year-old grandchild, named Haywood, were burned to death.

Yuma Deserted.

YUMA, Ariz., Feb. 28.—The water is still running over Piere bridge and the river is still rising. The people have abandoned all their houses and have gone to the hills. The telegraph office is now operated from the Southern Pacific hotel, which stands on a high point.

May Never Play Ball Again.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 28. — James Fogarity, the well known base ball player, is lying at the point of death in this city. On Sunday he was stricken with hemorrhage of the lungs and the attacks have followed each other daily. Fogarty is very weak and may die at any moment.

Decides It.

SCRANTON, Pa., Feb. 28.—General Master Workman Powderly questioned as to a rumor that he had resigned emphatically denied it.

The pope has informed the propaganda that he is not satisfied with the recent nominations for bishops in the United States sent to his holiness for approval.

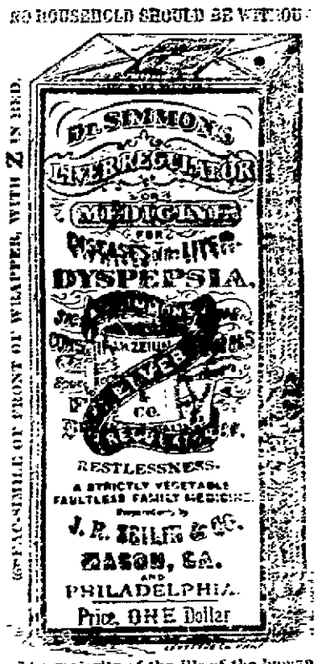
The Weather.

Increasing cloudiness and rain or snow; southerly winds; becoming variable; colder Sunday.

Stand Your Ground.

When you make up your mind to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy some other preparation instead. Clerks may claim that "ours is as good as Hood's" and all that, but the peculiar merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla cannot be equalled. Therefore have nothing to do with substitutes and insist upon having Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and building-up medicine.

NO HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE WITHOUT



FACSIMILE OF FRONT OF WRAPPER, WITH 2 IN USE.

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SABERED CITIZENS

European Military Officers Handy with Their Swords.

TWO PLUCKY YOUNG AMERICANS.

The "Honor of the Uniform" Protected in Germany and Austria by the Slicing Up of Offending Tax Payers and Strangers—"Ex-Diplomat's" Experiences.

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AMERICAN tourists traveling in Europe will do well in future to avoid the society of military officers on the continent. For, according to the recent decisions of the German and Austrian courts, an officer is permitted to draw his sword and to cut down any person who in his hearing speaks disrespectfully of the imperial or royal family or of the imperial or royal uniform. Moreover, he is not only authorized, but even obliged to use his saber without hesitation or remorse if he believes himself to be in danger of being insulted or struck by a person whom he supposes to be his inferior in rank, and as such debarred from giving him satisfaction for the offense in a duel. Now continental officers are proverbially sensitive on the score of their sovereign and of their profession. They are apt to regard the slightest piece of independent and straightforward criticism in the light of an insult, and before the American traveler is aware he may find his remarks cut short by a sudden blow, not with the flat but with the keen edge of the sword, across the head or the shoulders.

As an illustration of the readiness with which European officers draw their sabers on unarmed civilians, I may cite an incident of this nature which took place at Klagenfurt, an important town of Austria, last autumn, and which has recently been engaging the attention of the authorities at Vienna. A number of officers belonging to an infantry regiment that formed part of the garrison were listening to the music of a military band in the beautiful public garden of the locality, when suddenly a dispute, followed by a scuffle, took place between two men near the entrance. One of the officers, who happened to be passing by at the time, inquired what had occurred of a gentleman standing beside him, looking on. The question was put in tones so gruff and so offensive that the civilian to whom it was addressed declined to make any reply. His silence enraged the officer to such an extent that he made use of an insulting epithet, which was immediately returned in kind.

The officer thereupon boxed the ears of the civilian, who responded with his fist on the nose of the lieutenant. The latter at once drew his sword and cut down the civilian with a blow across the shoulder, and before the prostrate man could recover his footing he found himself assailed with drawn sabers by a number of the lieutenant's brother officers who had been sitting at a neighboring table. When at length they desisted from their onslaught he was conveyed to the hospital, where it was discovered that he was one of the senior clerks of the treasury department, and that he had received no less than seven severe but not fatal sword wounds.



HE CUT DOWN THE CIVILIAN.

The affair naturally created intense indignation among the town people who had witnessed the scene, and one of them, a wealthy young mine owner of the neighborhood, was incautious enough to express in a somewhat loud tone of voice his opinion that an attack by seven armed men on a single unarmed civilian was nothing more nor less than a disgraceful piece of cowardice. A young naval officer standing near by heard him, and inquired if he really meant what he said. On the mine owner replying in the affirmative the officer drew his sword and aimed a blow at him. The civilian, who had not even a stick, raised his right hand for the purpose of protecting his head, which he saved at the cost of his thumb and three fingers. These were sliced off by the sword as if with an amputating knife and fell to the ground.

Just six weeks later a similar incident occurred at Erlau, a town in Hungary famed for its wines. The victim in this case was the chief of the local police, who, having ventured to request a party of hussar officers to make less noise in a cafe chantant where a concert of gypsy musicians was in progress, was drawn into an altercation, which ended by his being cut down by the officers and wounded by nine or ten sword thrusts, some of them of so serious a nature that his recovery was for a long time doubtful.

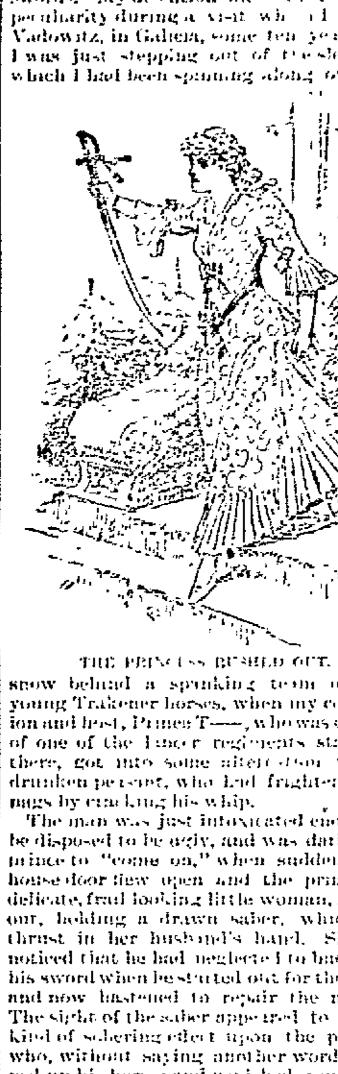
Nor should I omit the case of Count Gretz von Grettenegg, a chamberlain of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and captain of one of the crack cavalry regiments, who a short time ago was prosecuted at Vienna for having hewn down with his saber on the staircase of his ballet dancer's house an unarmed young man of the name of Gartenberg, who had inadvertently jostled him in the dark. The count did not deny having dangerously wounded the prosecutor, but claimed that he was obliged to draw his sword in order to preserve intact the honor of his uniform.

The excuse was regarded as perfectly adequate and valid by the judges of the criminal court intrusted with the trial of the case, and the count was acquitted. Nor were the officers implicated in the affairs at Klagenfurt and at Erlau in any way molested by the authorities, who held that they had been entirely justified in using their [illegible] civilians.

In order to fully [illegible] of the officers in the matter, I [illegible] that if any one of them [illegible] to either resent or [illegible] ing the affront he risked [illegible] disgrace, and not only [illegible] the [illegible] and warned off [illegible] but also [illegible] manner as to render [illegible] possible. While it is always [illegible] to avenge, by means of a duel, an insult on the part of an equal or of a superior, officers are not permitted to meet on the so called "field of honor" anybody, such as merchants, tradesmen, [illegible] commissioned officers, or privates.

They are therefore debarred from obtaining satisfaction in the ordinary way for any blow or insult received from inferiors, and are in consequence doomed to irremediable disgrace thereby unless they have immediately and on the spot cut down the offender, and wounded him in such a manner as to shed his blood. I may add here that whenever the latter is a stranger and unknown to them they are at liberty, until he presents his card and indicates his social rank, to presume that he is an inferior, and to act accordingly.

The result is that continental officers, unlike those of the British army, are rarely if ever seen in uniform without their swords. My attention was called to this peculiarity during a visit which I paid to Vadowitz, in Galicia, some ten years ago. I was just stepping out of the sleigh, in which I had been spinning along over the snow behind a spanking team of four young Trakener horses, when my companion and host, Prince T——, who was captain of one of the Lancer regiments stationed there, got into some altercation with a drunken peasant, who had frightened our nags by cracking his whip.



THE PRINCESS RUSHED OUT.

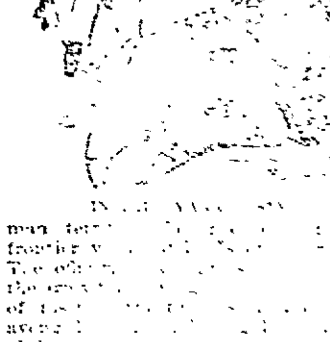
The man was just intoxicated enough to be disposed to be ugly, and was daring the prince to "come on," when suddenly the house door flew open and the princess, a delicate, frail looking little woman, rushed out, holding a drawn saber, which she thrust in her husband's hand. She had noticed that he had neglected to buckle on his sword when he started out for the drive, and now hastened to repair the neglect. The sight of the saber appeared to have a kind of sobering effect upon the peasant, who, without saying another word, whipped up his horses and vanished round the corner at breakneck speed. As soon as we got into the house the prince kissed his wife's small hand in a most affectionate manner, and thanked her warmly for her "presence of mind" in bringing him his sword in time.

"Without you, my dear Margo," he exclaimed, "I should now be a dishonored man, and should have nothing else to do than to blow out my brains" (Eine Kugel durch den Kopf jagen).

On another occasion, during the grand maneuvers of the Prussian army, I had just finished luncheon with a lieutenant of dragoons when his orderly announced that a little batch of about a dozen young privates, who had misbehaved themselves was outside the door awaiting his instructions with regard to their punishment. The lieutenant strolled out into the street in front of the house to the spot where the men stood, without taking the trouble to either button up his coat or to buckle on his sword.

One of the soldiers having returned a displeasing answer to his remarks, the lieutenant raised his hand and applied two vigorous slaps on the face of the man, who remained standing at attention without stirring an inch or uttering another sound. At that moment a stranger who was passing on horseback exclaimed, "Pfui! for shame!" Without a moment's delay the lieutenant dashed into the house for his sword, but by the time he had reappeared the stranger, who had probably guessed his intentions, was out of sight. Had he delayed he certainly would have been cut down by the lieutenant, who was a man of excellent family, of many accomplishments, and who ordinarily was the most gentle, the most courteous and high minded of men.

At the University of Bonn, on the Rhine, there is still current a well authenticated story of two young American students who, on being attacked with a saber by an officer who regarded himself as insulted by some remarks that they had made, knocked him down in true Yankee style and broke his sword in two. On the following day both young men were expelled from the [illegible]



[illegible]

KILLED BY A POLICEMAN.

A Laborer Shot While Putting Up Boycott Notices.

Policeman [illegible] Cavanaugh, of San Francisco [illegible] a turn in dodging around a [illegible] soon after midnight and [illegible] to halt them. They separated. He fired one, fired over his head as a warning, and as that only made him run the faster he fired then at his legs, when the man fell and in a few minutes expired. Cavanaugh had shot him through the body instead of in the leg, as he intended. It was soon proved, however, that the victim was an honest laborer, John May, and that he and his companions, Charles Jodke and Henry Getz, were members of local union No. 16 of the National Union of Brewery Workmen, engaged at 1 a. m. in posting notices of a boycott which their union had placed on a certain brewing company's beer, whereupon Officer Cavanaugh was arrested and held for manslaughter. But now some rather puzzling questions of law arise.



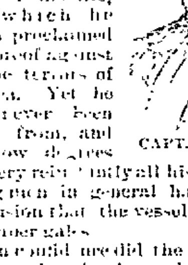
JOHN MAY.

So many robberies and burglaries had recently been committed in that section that Chief Crowley had had it doubly patroled, and had cautioned the patrolmen to use extra vigilance and "halt all suspicious characters." Only two nights before a man had been "held up" by footpads near that place. Was Officer Cavanaugh therefore justified in shooting when the men ran? Of course the police think he was. Were the men engaged in an unlawful act which made them liable to all chances? Property owners in that region think so, and the courts will have a complicated problem to settle. John May left a widow and two young children.

PROBABLY LOST AT SEA.

No Tidings to Be Had of Capt. Norton's Little Vessel.

Late in November Capt. Francis L. Norton steamed out of Long Island sound in his newly invented "non capsizable, unsinkable" steam lifeboat, to which he had devoted so many years of his life, and which he fondly proclaimed to be proof against all the terrors of the sea. Yet he has never been heard from, and by slow degrees and very reluctantly all his friends and seafaring men in general have come to the conclusion that the vessel was lost in the December gales.



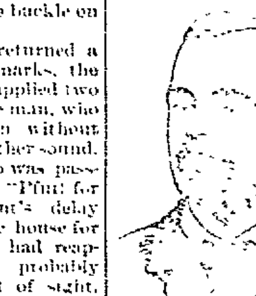
CAPT. F. L. NORTON.

Such confidence did the captain have in his invention that he took on the voyage his wife and 15-year-old niece, Miss Rickaby. The engineers and crew brought the total on board up to ten. The route laid out was the most southern, the intention being to stop at the Azores for fresh supplies, but the vessel has not arrived there. The Norton was built as a yawl rigged yacht and without steam. She easily resisted the worst efforts of wind and sea off Cape Hatteras. She was 58 feet long and 12½ feet in beam, with a mean draught of 6 feet 4½ inches. It is thought that the addition of a compound engine, with cylinders 5½ by 10½ inches in diameter, decreased her buoyancy and destroyed her capacity to right herself in any storm.

Capt. Norton was born in Albany, N. Y., about sixty years ago, and his father being captain of a ship he went to sea early, had sailed in all oceans and been twice around the world. After long experience he became president of the Norton Naval Construction and Shipbuilding company, and while in that place designed this vessel, which now seems to have borne him to his death.

He Used the Bank's Money.

Harry E. Spaulding is the latest "nice young man, universally trusted" and the like, to get away with the bank's money. The officials, however, of the Ayer (Mass.) National bank were not so confiding as is usual in such cases; they did not contentedly take his word that things were all right, and so they got onto his schemes of "speculation" so early that he only secured $25,000 of their money. In his flight he stopped long enough to write to his wife, and hint that the president, Andrew Atwood, had been his confidant in "outside speculations."



HARRY E. SPAULDING.

This has probably sealed his fate. The bank officials, who were tolerably sure of getting the money out from the cashier's bondsmen, and were willing to "let him off easy," are now enraged, and swear they will catch him at any cost and give him the full extent of the law. Of course his aged father and mother and his young wife are the worst sufferers at present.

Good Till Two Days After Death.

It is the ambition of many people to "leave enough for funeral expenses." But Mr. Thomas Batterworth, of [illegible], O., has provided for [illegible] another [illegible] contingency. When he granted right of way through his [illegible] to the [illegible] railroad he took [illegible] for himself and wife [illegible] until two days after [illegible] which arrangement was [illegible] on the [illegible] company will be [illegible] free carriage [illegible]

Why She Died Sorrowful.

[illegible] of news [illegible] France [illegible] wife the [illegible] her bedside [illegible] always used to [illegible] no [illegible] in the [illegible] do [illegible] always happ[illegible] She died [illegible]

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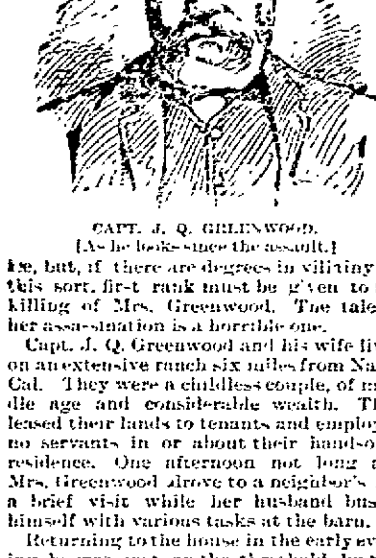
DEMONS' DEEDS.

Three Murders Utterly Atrocious and Causeless.

THE KILLING OF MRS. GREENWOOD

The Woman Shot Through the Head While Bound, Gagged and Drugged. Tragic End of Jane Harding's Dissolute Life—A Soldier Shot Down.

Three murders of recent date are sure of prominent places in the permanent annals of crime. Each was characterized by unrelenting ferocity and unspeakable cowardice, but, if there are degrees in villainy of this sort, first rank must be given to the killing of Mrs. Greenwood. The tale of her assassination is a horrible one.



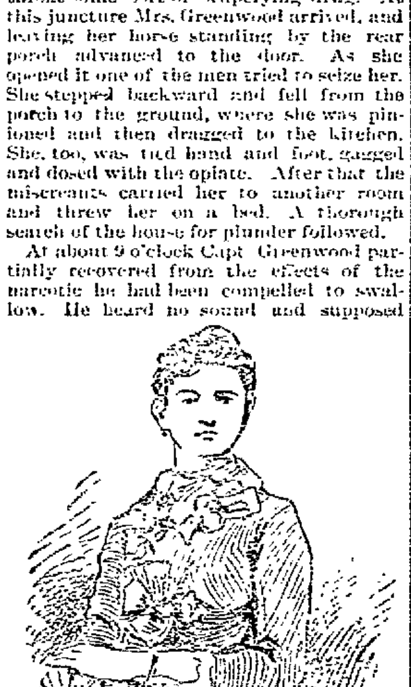
CAPT. J. Q. GREENWOOD.

[As he looks since the assault.]

Capt. J. Q. Greenwood and his wife lived on an extensive ranch six miles from Napa, Cal. They were a childless couple, of middle age and considerable wealth. They leased their lands to tenants and employed no servants in or about their handsome residence. One afternoon not long ago Mrs. Greenwood drove to a neighbor's for a brief visit while her husband busied himself with various tasks at the barn.

Returning to the house in the early evening, he was met on the threshold by two strangers, who pointed pistols at his head and ordered him to throw up his hands. Then they took him to the kitchen, bound and gagged him and forced down his throat some sort of stupefying drug. At this juncture Mrs. Greenwood arrived, and leaving her horse standing by the rear porch advanced to the door. As she opened it one of the men tried to seize her. She stepped backward and fell from the porch to the ground, where she was pinioned and then dragged to the kitchen. She, too, was tied hand and foot, gagged and dosed with the opiate. After that the miscreants carried her to another room and threw her on a bed. A thorough search of the house for plunder followed.

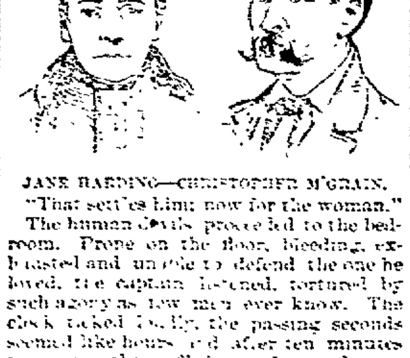
At about 9 o'clock Capt. Greenwood partially recovered from the effects of the narcotic he had been compelled to swallow. He heard no sound and supposed the robbers had gone. By persistent and painful effort he released himself from the chair to which he was fastened and slipped his feet out of their bonds. Weak and dazed he could not stand. Neither could he loosen the ropes that held his arms behind his back. But anxiety for his wife gave him courage, and he painfully rolled over and over until he reached the door to her room. This he managed to open. Making his way to the couch, he tried to rouse her, but she uttered no response to his feeble appeals.



MRS. J. Q. GREENWOOD.

It had taken two hours for Capt. Greenwood to get from the chair to the bed. He now resolved upon a longer journey to the road, 100 yards away, where he hoped to attract the attention of some belated passer by and secure aid. Just as the clock struck 11 he reached the hallway. There he again met the robbers, and there began the actual fiendishness and tragedy of the night.

The two men, whom the captain describes as being an American and a Swede, assailed him with the epithets of astonishment and rage. They threw him from his knees to his back, and the American fired two bullets into his head. One passed through the left cheek and dropped into the mouth. The other ranged upward after striking the cheek bone. Greenwood didn't lose his senses, but simulated death. His would-be assassin remarked:



JANE HARDING—CHRISTOPHER M'GRAIN.

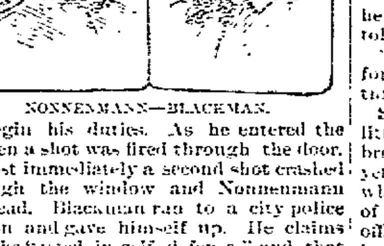
"That settles him; now for the woman."

The human devils proceeded to the bedroom. Prone on the floor, bleeding, exhausted and unable to defend the one he loved, the captain listened, tortured by such agony as few men ever know. The clock ticked loudly, the passing seconds seemed like hours, and after ten minutes there came the muffled roar of an explosion. As developed later on, the robbers pressed a pistol against the head of the gagged, bound and drugged woman and blew out her brains. Could the imagination of a Poe or a Gaboriau conjure up a deed of more ferocious cowardice?

Well, the men [illegible] at midnight. They secured as the reward of their crimes $4 in money, a little jewelry and some clothing. At 2 a. m. the captain got his head from a mass of coagulated blood and about daylight reached the road. There Hugh Kelly found him, his hands still tied behind his back, his hair clotted with gore and his tongue almost paralyzed. By pantomime more than by words he told the hideous story of the night and within an hour the country side was roused. Mrs. Greenwood is in her grave, the captain is recovering, and at Sacramento two men have been arrested upon suspicion of being the perpetrators of this almost unparalleled outrage.

Christopher McGrain, aged 25, lies in jail at Toronto, Ont., charged with murder. He had lived for some time upon terms of unlawful intimacy with a woman named Jane Harding. The other morning he beat her frightfully as she lay sick in bed. At dusk she was a corpse. When she married John Harding twenty-five years ago Jane was a beautiful girl. But she "took to drink" and eventually to other evil courses. Her husband left her, and after that the toboggan slide of Satan seemed iced for her special convenience. She sank to the uttermost depths of degradation, and at the foot of the hill met a congenial companion in McGrain. The end was shocking, but such as might have been expected. All the time the wretched female lay struggling with death her assassin refused to allow a physician in the house. At the last he permitted one to be called. The doctor who answered the summons found the patient a corpse, and caused the arrest of her slayer. In his early days McGrain appears to have been a man of some character. At any rate he is in receipt of a pension granted him by the British government for meritorious service as a soldier.

There seems to be a pretty clear case of cold blooded murder established against Private Albert Blackman of Battery B, Fifth artillery, stationed at the Presidio, near San Francisco. One night, not long ago, Blackman had a wordy quarrel with Private Gottlieb Nonnenmann, one of the cooks. A good deal of bitter language was exchanged, but no blows were struck. Early the next morning Nonnenmann rose to begin his duties. As he entered the kitchen a shot was fired through the door. Almost immediately a second shot crashed through the window and Nonnenmann fell dead. Blackman ran to a city police station and gave himself up. He claims that he "acted in self defense," and that his victim struck him while on his way to work. But self defense hardly covers the case of firing through a window at a man who is committing no assault.



NONNENMANN—BLACKMAN.

All three of the tragedies mentioned are without palliating circumstances. If they show anything it is that human beings, even in this boasted era of civilization, get so depraved that their existence is more perilous to a community than that of a rabid dog or a rattlesnake.

F. X. WHITE.

Convicts in Penitentiaries.

Special Agent Frederick Howard Wines, who has charge of statistics of pauperism and crime for the census bureau, has reported regarding the number of convicts in state prisons and penitentiaries in the United States on June 1, 1890. The figures given, when compared with the report made by the same special agent for the tenth census, show an actual increase of 9,625 in the number of penitentiary convicts. The population of the country according to the tenth census was 50,155,783. The number of convicts in penitentiaries at that date was 30,659, or, including the leased prisoners, 35,538. The ratio of convicts to the population was 709 in each million. The eleventh census shows the population to be 62,622,250, and the number of convicts 45,233, the ratio of convicts to the population being 722, an increase of only 12 to the million. Mr. Wines, who, according to Superintendent Porter, is undoubtedly the first authority in the country in all matters appertaining to the statistics of pauperism and crime, is of the opinion that this growth is not alarming, since further study may result in an explanation of it, or even in showing that crime of a serious character is rather on the decline in America than on the increase.

Abandoned Her Little Ones.

Parents must have sunk to the lowest depths of poverty or depravity when they leave their little ones to the chances of starvation or the cold charity of strangers. Yet there are such people, and hardly a day passes when the papers do not record some case of abandonment. One evening recently in New York city Policeman Matthew Cooney, of the East Eighty-eighth street station, found Jennie Tracy, 6 years old, and John Tracy, 1 year old, in the basement of No. 311 East Seventy eighth street. They were without food, and were sparsely clothed. Their father is a prisoner on Blackwell's Island, and their mother had deserted them. The girl was taken to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and the baby was cared for at police headquarters.

The Jerseyman Had Nerve.

Mr. Wheeler, of New Jersey—it's a pity the tale doesn't include his first name and postoffice address—while in Havana not long ago accidentally jostled a Cuban. The hot blooded native demanded an immediate apology or a duel. "We'll fight right here, and now," remarked Mr. Wheeler, of New Jersey. "Distance, ten paces; weapons, revolvers. I have two; favor me by accepting one." The son of the "ever faithful isle" concluded that he wanted reparation of no kind whatever, and disappeared around the nearest corner.

A Doctor's Hundred Mile Ride.

A doctor living at Caribou, Me., recently took one of the longest professional rides of which there is any record. He was called to a distant lumber camp to perform a surgical operation. He started at 10 a. m., and beyond Grand Isle found four teams stationed at different points awaiting him. He arrived at his destination at midnight, having made the distance of 102 miles in fourteen hours. The drive was all the more remarkable because of the condition of the roads, which was not favorable for fast driving.

Shot His Way to Favor.

Matrimony is reached sometimes through devious methods. For a long time handsome Henry Meffert, of Louisville, Ky., courted Mary K[illegible]. She refused to favor his suit and a few weeks ago he tried to kill her with a revolver. The bullet went wide of its mark, and Henry went to jail. Then Mary relented. She visited the prison the other day with a justice of the peace and became Mrs. Meffert's wife. The ceremony bars a criminal prosecution.

LET'S DIE TOGETHER.

A Woman Shoots Herself and Attempts to Kill Her Lover.

Only a few months [illegible] pretty Mrs. L[illegible] eloped from Harrodsburg, Ky., with Sanford B. Wheeland, yet she has already killed herself and made a desperate effort to kill him. So far the story is of the old sort, but the new and startling features of this case are that she shot herself before trying to shoot him (men in such cases generally shoot the woman first), that they had no quarrel, and the man raised a terrible lamentation because she failed to kill him.



S. B. WHEELAND—LILLIE HAMPTON.

"Such a departure from the usual selfishness of these proceedings calls for explanation. She left in Harrodsburg a husband and three pretty children, he a wife and two children, so they were evidently "mashed" to the utmost. Arriving in Vincennes, Ind., last December, they soon acquired a good standing as "Mr. and Mrs. Brown." The deserted husband and wife seemed content to be rid of them, but her father traced them to Vincennes, and her brother went there and got a warrant for Wheeland's arrest, hoping thereby to induce her to return home.

The brother, Walter C. Terhune, remained outside the little rented residence, while Marshal Hahn and Deputy Hall went in and "persuaded" Mr. Brown to accompany them to the mayor's office as S. B. Wheeland. The woman seemed quite confident, but tried to slip a revolver into Wheeland's hands. She then retired to an adjoining room to dress in order to go with him to the mayor's. They heard a pistol shot and called out. She opened the door and fired at Wheeland, but missed.

"My God, darling, what have you done?" he asked, as the marshal wrenched the pistol away before she could fire again.

"I tried to kill you, dearest. I intended for us to die together. I have sent a ball through my heart—see here!"

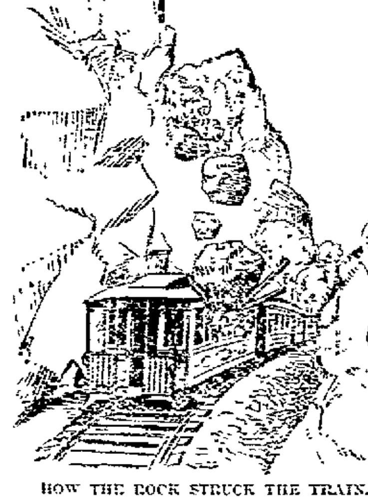
She tore open her gown and showed a little round hole just beneath her left breast. It was plainly a mortal wound, yet she stood till her brother came in, when she sank into his arms. The agony of Wheeland was so great that even the officers showed deep compassion. Kneeling by the woman, he poured out the most passionate prayers for forgiveness and for her recovery, but the physicians soon declared the wound fatal. She had not shot herself "through the heart," as she thought, but near enough for all practical purposes. The ball had passed just above the heart, then downward behind it. Wheeland is in custody.

CRUSHED BY A ROCK.

Remarkable Accident to a Passenger Train Near Pittsburg.

A strange accident was that near Pittsburg the other day, when a 200 pound rock rolled down from Duquesne heights and crashed into a passenger car on the Panhandle road, killing a young lady and seriously injuring several other passengers.

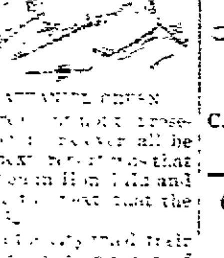
It was near 9 o'clock in the morning, and the car was fairly full of students on their way to Duff's college, in Pittsburg. There had been steady rain for twenty-four hours, and several landslides were reported on various roads. The Washington express had just got under Duquesne heights, opposite the city, when the rock came down as if thrown from a catapult, crashing into the center of the coach, completely wrecking it and breaking into several pieces. Miss Clara Fleming, who sat next the window, was crushed out of all natural likeness, her death being instantaneous. Mr. J. F. Donahue, who sat in the same seat with her, made a leap and escaped death, but with serious injuries. Several others were hurt, but none dangerously.



HOW THE ROCK STRUCK THE TRAIN.

The Bookkeeper Is in Jail.

Late last fall Messrs. Ruggles & Farnsworth, [illegible] at 520 California street, San Francisco, announced that they had been allowing their bookkeeper and confidential man, Nathaniel Green, to run things pretty much as he pleased, and consequently he was "short at least $5,000." He forthwith retired from the public gaze, and then they decided that the shortage was "rather small."



NATHANIEL GREEN.

Thereupon they saw Mr. Green's wife, who owns some property in the city, and [illegible] with her a written agreement not to prosecute if Mr. Green would recover all he had of theirs. The next report was that he was in Phoenix, then in [illegible] and finally in [illegible] that the shortage had [illegible]

All the [illegible] prettiest [illegible] of Messrs. Ruggles & Farnsworth, except that Mr. Green [illegible] the books [illegible] was. Finally Mr. Green [illegible] advice of his wife [illegible] Sausalito [illegible] property [illegible] over a third of the loss.

The Greatest Strike.

Among the great strikes that of Dr. Miles in discovering his New Heart Cure has proven itself to be one of the most important. The demand for it has become astonishing. Already the treatment of heart disease is being revolutionized, and many [illegible] Dr. Miles' [illegible] Heart [illegible] The unequaled New Heart Cure is sold and guaranteed by Denison & Co. and Hoberman & Co.'s [illegible] Nervine for headache, [illegible] hot flashes, nervous chills, opium habit, etc.

It is said a man never fully realizes the wealth or importance he doesn't possess till his first child begins to ask questions.

Children.

Often need some safe cathartic tonic to avert approaching sickness, or to relieve colic, headaches, sick stomach, indigestion, dysentery and the complaints incident to childhood. Let the children take Simmons Liver Regulator and keep well. It is purely vegetable, not unpleasant to taste and safe to take alone or in connection with other medicine.

It is said you may be sure that a man has a very angelic disposition if he never gets mad when he has failed to guess a riddle.

Our Very Best People

Confirm our statement when we say that Dr. Acker's English Remedy is in every way superior to any and all other preparations for Throat and Lungs. In Whooping Cough and Croup it is magic and relieves at once. We offer you a sample bottle free. Remember, this Remedy is sold on a positive guarantee. Sold by H. C. Hoberman & Co. and W. B. Foye.

The Somerville Journal argues that most people wouldn't have so many troubles if they didn't spend so much time in talking about them.

Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills

Act on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new discovery. Dr. Miles' Pills speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles, constipation. Unequaled for men, women, children. Smallest, mildest, surest! Fifty doses, 25 cents. Samples free, at Denison & Co., and Hoberman & Co.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. Distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels, are some of the more common symptoms. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet surely and efficiently. It tones the stomach and other organs, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, and by thus overcoming the local symptoms removes the sympathetic effects of the disease, banishes the headache, and refreshes the tired mind.

Distress After Eating

Sick Headache

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced."

Heart-burn

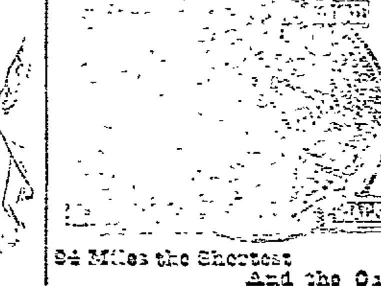
Sour Stomach

GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar



94 Miles the Shortest
And the Quickest

Cincinnati to New Orleans,

Time 27 Hours. Entire Trains, Baggage Car, Day Coaches and Sleepers run through without change.

110 Miles the Shortest
7 Hours the Quickest!

Cincinnati to Jacksonville.

Fla. Time 27 Hours. The only line running Solid Trains and Through Sleeping Cars. Only line from Cincinnati to Chattanooga, Tenn.; Ft. Payne, Ala.; Meridian, Miss.; Vicksburg, Miss.; Shreveport, La. 20 Miles Shortest Cincinnati to Lexington, Ky.; 5 Hours Quickest Cincinnati to Knoxville, Tenn.; 116 Miles Shortest Cincinnati to Atlanta and Augusta, Ga.; 114 Miles Shortest Cincinnati to Anniston, Ala.; 26 Miles Shortest Cincinnati to Birmingham, Ala.; 15 Miles Shortest Cincinnati to Mobile, Ala. Direct connections at NEW ORLEANS and SHREVEPORT for

Texas, Mexico and California!

Trains leave Central Union Depot, Cincinnati, crossing the Famous High Bridge of Kentucky, and rounding the base of Lookout Mountain.

[illegible] Pullman Boudoir Sleepers
[illegible] Through Trains!

[illegible]

Climate is Unsurpassed.

[illegible]

C. C. HARVEY, D. G. EDWARDS
[illegible]
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes. Sold at Fossell's drug store.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

NewspaperARCHIVE®

SOME NOTED LAWYERS.

INTELLECTUAL GIANTS OF THE BAR IN NEW YORK CITY.

The Crowning Achievement of David Dudley Field's Famous Career—Eloquence and Success of Hoadly, Ingersoll, Hummel and Dougherty.

[Copyrighted by American Press Association.]



DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

...ferson in to what is being said. Although Mr. Field has retired from the profession at the head of which he once stood, his interest in the affairs of the day is as keen as ever and his grasp of a subject as firm.

He seems to have but one object now—to see the Field codes, as they are called, adopted by New York state. "My idea is briefly summed up in this," he said to me. "What men in the citizen must obey should be written down." Of the five codes, those of civil procedure, the penal and the criminal procedure have been adopted, while the political code, that of evidence yet remains to be acted upon by the state.

"The judges do not know the law," he said, "for the law today is composed of a number of decisions, shading into each other by imperceptible differences. There is no real law on one side as on the other. It was never intended that this should be, and I want to see the law once more—simple, plain, easy to understand."

Mr. Field has a charming courtesy, reminiscent somewhat of that which is called the old school. He is a courtly man, with a gentle humor and a way of placing the most intricate problems before you that makes them seem simplicity itself. His code of civil procedure as first promulgated has been adopted by England in the act of judicature, and under that title is the law for the United Kingdom, India and the South African colonies.



EX-GOVERNOR GEORGE HOADLY.

George Hoadly, ex-governor of Ohio, is one of the most prominent politicians in the country. He is senior partner of the firm of Hoadly, Lauterbach & Johnson, a firm of high authority in the United States on the subject of trusts, by virtue of the fact that he drew the Standard Oil company deed, a instrument that no legal subtlety has ever been able to get around or break, and unquestionably one of the first lawyers in the land.

If you have ever seen a cat watching the opening in the wainscot where she has heard a mouse, you can form an idea of Governor Hoadly's manner toward a witness. She sits with his hands behind his back, he fixes his eyes on the unfortunate in the chair whom he is cross examining, and, swaying slightly backward and forward as he speaks, he repeats the answers given, following them instantly with questions, and all in a hard, monotonous voice. He refers to no memoranda, he seems to need none. The case, the testimony given and the points involved are his, even as the alphabet belongs to most of us.



COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

The rapidity with which the questions are put is wonderful. No time is given for consideration. They come as comes a waterspout in the waste wet of an overflowing river.

The head of the people is a dome, at the base of which is the gray brown hair. The forehead is full and the sight is aided by shell rimmed spectacles, supplemented at times by eyeglasses. The speech is full of emphasis, the manner is quick and nervous, the expression of the face is that of pure intellectuality. Watching the man enables one to understand why he is on a round of the ladder of success where there are so few others.

Colonel Ingersoll is personally one of the most charming of men. To hear him laugh and to have the sense of humor aroused at once. Peculiarly kindly, too, in his views of the acts and speech of others, he is charitable in his opinions, even of those who denounce him most bitterly. His voice is full and sweet. Eloquent as are many passages in his published orations they gain an added charm from the music of the delivery.

In the manner of Col. Ingersoll there is much that suggests a boy. There is the same interest in the subject for the moment, the same hearty enjoyment of that which strikes his fancy. You are convinced that he would like to roll on the grass or lie there, kicking up his heels, and he pleased to exchange jokes with or tell stories to "the boys." But while this is the feeling he excites when you are with him in the office there is a far different impression gained when you listen to him on the platform. There the man seems to grow, to become greater in stature, with a sense of control over his audience. For he is one who can play on the emotional side of our natures at will. At his crude the twin sisters who rule over tears and laughter gave him a part of their power.

It is the sudden transition from the one to the other that makes his public speaking so startling. Yet at times he strikes a grander chord, and into the harmonies weaves patriotism, honor, truth and justice. Touch itself to the nerves of him who listens, skill and command thoughts greater than he has ever shed till the brain. No power is like unto that of eloquence, no delight equal to that which the orator may feel. Of the success of the other Robert G. Ingersoll has had more than is the lot of most men.

I recently met a small man with a large head, bald and fat about the chin, with little hair, and that of a dark color, a very short mustache and a face lined and seamed



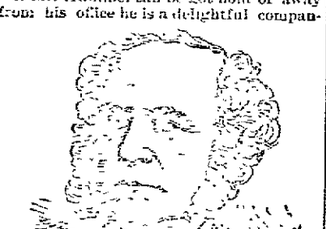
A. H. HUMMEL.

with thought. On it there is generally an expression of caustic humor. A rather harsh voice, which seems incapable of the softer and emotional tones. A quick, decisive manner, rapid decision, conclusions that are intensely practical and a courage that no difficulty can daunt. This is A. H. Hummel, the junior partner of the famous firm of Howe & Hummel.

The place of leader at the criminal bar is one not easily reached, yet when gained the rewards are large in reputation as well as money. That Howe & Hummel occupy this position in New York no one would question, and much of their success has been due to the shrewdness and ability of the junior partner. He it is that prepares the cases, that suggests a share of that subtle policy that has so often won. The time when he was called by a nickname has gone by the brain of the lawyer has commanded the respect of those who know him. He who talks for five minutes to Mr. Hummel forgets the stature of the man in his admiration for the ability, the power, the shrewdness of his thoughts.

If Mr. Hummel can be got hold of away from his office he is a delightful companion. His wit is somewhat ironical, as might be expected from one who has so long looked on the seamy side of life, yet it is not unkindly. His sense of humor is strong, and he is quick to appreciate in others a story as good as some of those he himself tells. In the courts the lawyer who has to meet Mr. Hummel does not, if he is wise, neglect any precautions that may be taken.

"Do not call me a great lawyer," said Mr. David Dougherty to me, "because I am not. I only wish I were. You may say if you like that I have had a measure of success before my years."



DANIEL DOUGHERTY.

Mr. Dougherty's estimate of himself shows he has taken the advice of the poet to heart. Yet while his studies and the exigencies of his practice, aided, perhaps, by a natural bent, have prevented application on his part to the law as a pure science, in his chosen field Mr. Dougherty has been very successful. He knows the man in the jury box as few do; he knows what will appeal to him, what will sway the judgment or touch his feelings. The face of the jury are to Mr. Dougherty an open book. He can tell exactly the moment he is in rapport with them.

Now is Mr. Dougherty an ordinary speaker. At times he rises to the heights of true eloquence. He possesses the art of losing himself in the mastery of his talk so essential to those who would impress others. Mr. Dougherty raises his hearers on the wings of his own first made flight.

He too is favored in personal appearance. He has a splendid head, fine eyes are of remarkable brightness, in his voice there is a ring that is like the sound of the bell that tells of victory. He is fond of a good dinner, and is extremely attentive to the ladies. He is full of anecdote, and is extremely fond of telling stories. He is a delightful companion, and is constantly called upon to speak at the various dinners within.

ALFRED BALCH.

WITTICISMS OF TALLEYRAND.

Some of the Sharp Sayings of the Famous Diplomat.

Talleyrand, the great French politician and statesman, whose memoirs are just being published, sixty years after his death, established a reputation as the wit preeminent of France, whose bon mots are popularly quoted for their sharpness, and his maxims for their intrinsic value and beauty. By birth he was the Comte de Perigord, but on account of an accident in



TALLEYRAND.

youth that lamed him for life it was decided in family council to convey the title to a younger brother, so the lawful heir was consecrated to the church, and in due time became an abbe. It was toward the close of the reign of Louis XV that the gay, witty and profligate young abbe was introduced into higher Parisian society. He said his first recollection of the king was seeing him seated at table between a bishop and a courtesan.

The first witticism of which there is record is perhaps the best play on words of any credited to him. In a controversy with a young Norman officer the latter told him he had yet many things to learn, adding, "Perhaps you have not yet been to school." To which Talleyrand replied, "I have been to school and have learned my letters, and know that an abbe (A B) is not made to resemble C D), and 'tis not your epee (E P) can make me other (O T)," thus making a most skillful play on eight letters of the alphabet.

It was this retort, reported to Mme. du Deffand, the blind but brilliant queen of the salons, that won for Talleyrand a summons to her presence, and when he had bowed before her, that she might pass her hand over his face and so fix his features in her mind, she said: "Arise, young man. Nature has been lavish of her gifts, and your own foresight will render you independent of those of fortune."

Once Talleyrand was talking with Mme. du Barry, the favorite of the king, and she urged him to relate some adventure of gallantry. "Ah, madame," he said, with affected seriousness, "Paris is a place where it is easier to succeed in gallantry than to get a lonefice." This truth pleased the madame, and through her influence the king bestowed on Talleyrand the revenues of two abbeys.

One day he was seated between the brilliant Mme. de Stael and the beautiful Mme. Recamier. The former pressed him to say which he would save if both were drowning. He could not evade the question, and at last replied, "Ah, madame, you know how to swim."

Another day another gentleman was sitting between the same ladies. "Here am I," he said, addressing Talleyrand, "between intellect and beauty." "Yes," said Talleyrand, "and without possessing either."

To a friend who annoyed him by persistent praises of a lady at one of the salons, who was dressed in the extreme of the fashion of those liberal days, he said: "Yes, she is very beautiful, but as for her dress, it begins too late and ends too soon."

It was Talleyrand who, having remonstrated in vain with Napoleon against his invasion of Spain, when the emperor said, "The war with Spain will only be a breakfast for me," retorted, "I fear your majesty will be long at table."

On another occasion, when they had had a sharp controversy over a political question, and Napoleon had been more than usually abusive, Talleyrand exclaimed, "What a pity that so great a man should have been so ill brought up!" a most skillful admixture of flattery and rebuke. Being vexed by a cross eyed man with several importunate questions concerning his own fame he replied, "It is quite crooked, as you see."

At another time an English nobleman who had addressed him frequent requests for his autograph received it in the following manner: "Dear Sir—Will you oblige me with your company to dinner Wednesday at 8 o'clock. I have invited a number of exceedingly clever persons, and do not like to be the only fool among them."

Napoleon once said rather irreverently of his father-in-law, the emperor of Austria, "Francis is an old granny." Marie Louise turned to Talleyrand, "Monsieur Talleyrand, what does that mean, an old granny?" The cunning diplomatist answered seriously, "It means, madame, a venerable sage."

It was about the time that the celebrity of Chateaubriand began to wane that the famous man grew deaf. This infirmity being alluded to, Talleyrand said, "I understand: since they have ceased talking about Chateaubriand he thinks himself deaf."

"I have turned many a woman's head," boasted a conceited young French nobleman.

"Yes," replied Talleyrand, "away from you."

To a bald and antiquated French beau who wished to purchase some rare gift for a lady, he said, "Give her one of the hairs of your head."

When Madame de Stael published her celebrated novel, "Delphine," she is supposed to have painted herself in the person of the heroine and Talleyrand in that of an elderly lady, one of the principal characters. "They tell me," said he to her, "that we are the only two persons in your romance who are disguised as females."

GEO. S. McDOWELL.

Senator for a Third Term.

The "land of steady habits" seems steady to an unusual degree in its adherence to Mr. Orville H. Platt, who has been chosen for a third time as one of Connecticut's United States senators. He is a native of that



SENATOR O. H. PLATT.

commonwealth, and is now 64 years old. In 1855 he held his first public position, that of clerk of the state senate. He served in the legislature through the early years of the war, and went to congress in 1864 and again in 1869. During his second term he was speaker of the house. He succeeded William H. Barnum as senator in 1879, and has held the seat ever since.

The Population of Alaska.

According to a bulletin issued recently by the census bureau, Alaska contains a population of about 30,000. Of this number only 2,700 are white, the rest being natives, mixed breeds, Chinese and blacks. Four thousand men are employed in the canneries and in the salmon canning establishments.

WIG, GOWN AND BEARD.

THREE CURIOUS INSIGNIA OF OFFICE HOLDING IN DANGER.

English Barristers Would Like to Get Rid of Head Coverings and Whiskers. They Also Want the Bench to Go Out of Mourning.

A blow was struck at an old custom when one hot afternoon some time ago Sir Thomas Strange, chief justice of Madras, tore off his wig and threw it to the



RON. ARTHUR WELLESLEY PEEL.
[Speaker of the house of commons.]

floor. No exception was taken to this emphatic ruling of the court. Indeed, all the perspiring members of the bar there present followed the example of the bench. That settled the lawyer's wig in India. Argument, discussion and perhaps a statutory enactment might have been required to compel its "regular" retirement, but all these were rendered unnecessary through the impulsive act of a magistrate tortured to irascibility by the fierce assaults of a tropical sun. When they heard of what Sir Thomas Strange had done his brethren of Great Britain approved, and wished that they also were rid of the cumbrous, head heating badge of the profession. But their predecessors wore wigs, and they, forsooth, may not abandon them—that is, at any rate, until the lord chief justice and the parliament officials, including the honorable speaker of the house of commons, shall break over the barriers of conservatism and tradition in this regard.

The wig was one of the French fashions brought to England by King Charles at the time of the restoration, and it became the greatest absurdity of the extravagant dress in vogue at the court of "Old Rowley," as his subjects called their pleasure loving monarch. It was heavily frosted with powder and nearly covered the face. The craze grew so great that a bitter rivalry arose relative to the right of appearing crowned with the longest and fullest wig. The judges carried the day, establishing a prerogative claim to wigs with full curls. In their triumphant train followed the law officers of the crown, the king's counsel and the sergeants at law, all oppressed by the dignity of abundant



LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

horsehair headgear. The "small fry" of the bar had to content themselves with "pigtails." The courtiers, the gentry and the divines shared in the glory and discomfort of the mode. Not until the reign of George III did the wig lose its hold on popular favor.

Then the decree went forth that it was suitable only for "clergymen, counsel and coachmen." The ministers disliked the classification, and so did the drivers. Both callings concluded that nature's thatch topped with a hat would suffice, but the law, that complex creature of legends and precedents, clung to the decaying style in America as well as in England. Ridicule alone drove it from existence in the former country. A historian, writing of the first sessions of the United States supreme court, says: "The English judicial wig was in vogue in the state courts, but the short wig, or the plain pigtail, appears to have been the headgear worn by Chief Justice Jay and his associates. At all events, when Cushing, who was one of the original court, arrived in New York and put on the big wig he had worn on the Massachusetts bench to go to the first meeting he was followed up Broadway by a mob of boys who pointed at his extraordinary attire, but otherwise showed him no disrespect. To avoid being so unpleasantly con-



HON. JOHN JAY.
[First chief justice United States supreme court.]

spicuous he hastened to a shop and bought a periuke of the then current fashion." It was no great while before even the peruke had to go. It vanished about 1820 in company with the scarlet gowns, long the distinguishing attire of members of the various state supreme courts. It was in a scarlet trimmed gown, by the way, that John Jay, first chief justice of the United States, sat for his portrait. He borrowed it for the occasion from Chancellor Livingston, and the picture conveys an inaccurate idea of the costume proper to the members of the federal supreme bench. The black robe worn by the present chief justice, Melville W. Fuller, is a type of the robe in which all his predecessors since the establishment of the court have donned when adjudicating cases.

Both the scarlet and the black robes are of English origin. The former are still worn by her majesty's judges on state occasions, saints' days, coronation days, the queen's birthday, etc.; the latter are used during the conduct of regular legal business. Black gowns, indeed, are little more than the court weeds of a former generation. "The bench and bar went into mourning at the death of Queen Anne, and have mourned ever since." The bands are the only significant things about the dress. They are supposed to be emblematic of the two tables of the law.

Just now the legal fraternity of Great Britain is trying to compel a change. They want to go out of mourning and don on work days the bright garments reserved for public celebrations. They sigh for the coloring that made gorgeous the tribunals of the sixth Henry. Then the judges held court in scarlet. The gowns of the masters in chancery were mustard colored, of the sergeants blue and green, and of the barristers green and light blue.

At present, also, there is a movement on foot hostile to the beard. The so called "reformers" declare that no self respecting judge or advocate should appear in court with hair on his face. It is to be hoped that this sort of opinion may not spread to the United States, for possibly, under its influence, Mr. Justice Fuller might deem it necessary to sacrifice the white mustache which is the glory of his upper lip. Just why an agitation of this sort has begun it is not easy to determine. Throughout the ages the beard has been the symbol of wisdom and of matured manhood. It is hard to imagine a patriarch or prophet going about with a smooth chin and a razor in the folds of his gown, and far beyond the bounds of fancy to picture Plato or Socrates in a barber's chair.

When shaving became a custom of Greece and Rome its devotees "always



HON. MELVILLE W. FULLER.
[Present chief justice United States supreme court.]

spoke of the 'bearded ones,' their ancestors, with a peculiar reverence." The dude of those days was called a "mere shaver," and subjected to derisive queries as to whether "nature in his case had not made a mistake and turned out a man instead of a woman." The clean jawed Normans on landing in England were described to his fellows by a wandering Saxon spy as an "army of monks." Afterward the conquered race induced the invaders to grow beards, and by Elizabeth's day the training of whiskers had become a fine art of barberdom, as witness the following extract from the writings of a contemporaneous poet:

Some like a spade, some like a forke, some square,
Some round, some mow'd like stubble, some starke bare.
Some sharpe, stiletto fashion, dagger like,
That may with whispering a man's eyes outpike,
Some with the quadrate, some triangle fashion,
Some circular, some oval in translation,
Some perpendicular in longarudo,
Some like a thicket for their crassitude.

Among oriental peoples the beard retains its ancient dignity and flowing length. It may meet a set back in the whirl of changes incident to western civilization, but that can be only temporary. At any rate, even if English law and court officers elect to wear motley, big wigs and smooth faces, the probability is small that this curious cyclone of "reform" will reach America and sweep the hair from Mr. Justice Fuller's lip, or substitute aught more striking for the customary suits of solemn black in which he and his associates sit to hear, to weigh and to decide momentous questions of fact and justice.

FIELD C. DAYTON.

World's Fair Congresses.

Among the features for the World's fair at Chicago that have already been approved there is one that, apart from the enterprise itself, will be calculated to make the year memorable. This is the series of congresses of men and women conspicuous throughout the world in theological movements, in education, in science and philosophy, in the ranks of labor, in commercial and financial circles, in surgery and in medicine, in art, in literature, in music and in numerous other professions and social movements. Nothing of the kind has ever before been attempted. Archbishop Feehan heads the special committee on Catholic congresses, while the same ecclesiastic, side by side with Professor David Swing, Bishop McLaren, of the Episcopal church; Rabbi E. C. Hirsch, of the Hebrew church; Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows, a power in Presbyterianism; Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the Unitarian divine, and clerical representatives of the Swedenborgian, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist and Universalist denominations, will organize a general religious congress. To promote a gathering of men prominent in commercial and financial circles, such men as Lyman J. Gage and George Schneider, presidents respectively of the First National bank and the National Bank of Illinois, and Secretary George F. Stone, of the Chicago board of trade, have been selected.

Theodore Thomas head the committee for an international congress of musicians, and his efforts will be seconded by W. L. Tomlins, Clarence Eddy and W. S. B. Mathews, three musicians of repute. Bishop F. Rows, a Reformed Episcopalian, and Bishop Spalding, a Roman Catholic, will undertake a series of educational congresses. Archbishop Ireland has been selected to organize a temperance congress. There will be a congress of supporters of international peace and arbitration in charge of Judge Murray F. Tuley and T. B. Bryan. Benjamin Butterworth and Milton George are to bring together agriculturists from the old country as well as the new.

KEEPS HIS WEATHER EYE OPEN.

A Jerseyman Who Is Noted as a Meteorological Sharp.

The name of Andrew J. De Voe is well known all over the country as that of a weather prophet who has made a number



ANDREW J. DE VOE.

of remarkably accurate predictions. Mr. De Voe runs a saw mill at Hackensack, N. J., and devotes all his spare time to meteorological studies. He contends that "five laws control the wind and rain, the sunshine and the thunder storm. One of my strongest conclusions is that the weather is greatly influenced by the moon's shadow. Another thing I have learned is that the area affected by storms, earthquakes and atmospheric disturbances is always elliptical in form."

One result of Mr. De Voe's success as a private investigator of natural phenomena is a big daily mail. A Texas man writes that he "took your weather tip," and thereby saved his sheep from a norther. Similar faith profited a grateful New York iceman, and from a hustling real estate auctioneer an offer has been received to give Mr. De Voe $10 for each clear day for future sales that he may name, on condition that the prophet pay a forfeit for each failure of his predictions.

Fresh Trouble for the Tomato.

No article of food has been the subject of more controversy than the tomato. First it was classed as a poison. Then it took rank among remedial agents, and finally it secured an honored place at table. Now it is the object of several assaults. One physician says it is hurtful to the system, another declares that it promotes decay of the teeth, and to cap the climax a learned old lady of Boston holds it responsible for moral decadence. She says it "affects the brain in such a way as to obliterate the distinction between right and wrong."

To Take Gutta Percha's Place.

"Important, if true," must be the comment on the recently announced discovery of a substitute for gutta percha. The new substance comes from a plant growing wild in Goa, and it is said to be insoluble in water, to soften under heat and to harden in the cold. It receives, moreover, and retains a given molded shape, can be cast into very thin sheets and is capable of taking the minutest impressions on its surface. Though white when it flows from the tree, in its dried state it is of a chocolate color, closely resembling gutta percha.

Was One of the Family.

One of the queerest happenings of recent date involves the editor of a Missouri weekly paper as its victim. The editor is a Shakespearian student, and published some time ago a rather savage criticism of the long dead dramatist. It hardly seemed possible that any one could object to the article save on purely literary grounds, yet a few days after a farmer named John Shakespere entered the sanctum and thrashed the author "fer insultin' the family."

Two Western Women.

Washington has a number of bright Wyoming women, among whom is Mrs. Senator Carey. She is an enthusiastic believer in the benefits conferred by female



MRS. JOSEPH M. CAREY.

suffrage, in which belief her stalwart husband gallantly seconds her. Tall and graceful, the center of a large circle of acquaintances formed during a long residence at the capital, Mrs. Carey is something more than the ordinary woman of society. She is familiar with all the great political issues. Politicians like to talk to her, and more than once have her ideas been incorporated in telling speeches in congress.

The lovely representative of Oregon is the wife of Senator Mitchell. The light of youth is still strong in her face, al-



MRS. JOHN H. MITCHELL.

though she is a grandmother. She is fond of society, and the fondness is reciprocated.

There are two of the types of western women in Washington. Their sisters who are yet unknown in the social life of the capital may find consolation in the reflection that they could not be more graciously represented.

His Highest Ambition.

Visitor—Are you going to be a great man when you grow up, Willie?

Willie—You bet! I'm going to be an arctic explorer.

"An arctic explorer's life is full of hardships, Willie."

"Yes'm. But I can stand 'em, I reckon."

"I like your spirit, my boy. There is a great deal of glory to be gained in a career of that kind."

"Yes'm. And you don't never have to wash your face."—Chicago Tribune.

Equal to the Occasion.



Ex-Pounder—Why did the wise king tell the sluggard to go to the ant?

Little Willie—'Cos he had been to his uncle so many times that he was onto him.—Once a Week.

He Had a Dream.

A negro had gone to sleep in the sun on the platform of a railway station in South Carolina, and some of the boys got up a job to have some fun with him. A bag of shelled corn was laid across his knees, a second on his stomach and a third on his head. As the weight didn't waken him, another bag was placed on his stomach, making about 370 pounds resting there. He snored away for three minutes, grew uneasy, began to mutter, and at the end of five threw the sacks off and sat up and looked around in a dazed way.

"Anything wrong, Rube?" asked one of the jokers.

"Fo' de Lawd, sah, but I'ze had de worstest dream dat I eber drempt! I'se all in cold blood!"

"What was it?"

"Drempt dat I had sich a sore froat I couldn't swaller, an' de ole woman brought hum two chickens, some yams an' a possum, an' dun cooked an' eat de hull outfit wid me sittin' right dar an' not able to open my mouf! Lawd save me, but didn't I suffer when I saw de las' of dem chickens gwine down her old froat!"—Detroit Free Press.

All Went Out.

Prospective Beau—Hullo, Bobby; is your sister in?

Bobby—Nope.

P. B.—Your ma?

Bobby—Nope.

P. B.—Your pa?

Bobby—Nope. They all went out and left me alone with the fire, but that's gone out too.

P. B.(sarcastically)—Ah, yes; I thought I saw the fire escape through the window as I entered.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Good Taste.

"How did you like my friend Stubbins that I brought around with me the other evening?" said Billy Blivens.

"Oh, very well," replied the hostess. "He seemed to be a man of good breeding."

"I should say so," said Billy, emphatically. "He owns one of the finest racing stables in the country."—Washington Post.

Misled.

Mr. Jason threw down his paper and ejaculated "Bah!"

"What's the matter, Jehiel?" asked his wife.

"Oh, nothing. I just started to read something here about 'How to Manage Scraps.' It was one of those fool household recipes instead of sporting matter, as I had supposed."—Indianapolis Journal.

An Easy One.

Newsboy—Say, Ben, if you were sitting in the parlor with your best girl, and her mother came in and commenced wiping off the chairs, what would you think she meant?

Ben Thar—Why, "dust," of course.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Trouble with Bagley.

Wool—Why did Bagley fail in his country paper enterprise?

Van Pelt—He struck a town where the people were all first and second cousins; they knew all the news a week before he could get hold of it.—Harper's Bazar.

The Man and the Dog.

Chappie—What! Don't you remember Cholly? It was he who had the beautiful dog down at the hotel last summer.

Maud—Ah! I remember him now. What became of the dog?—New York Herald.

The Money Safe.

Needy Client—If I lose my case I don't see how you are to be paid.

Lawyer—Oh, don't worry about that, my dear sir. The lawyer on the other side is my partner.—New York Weekly.

Defective Vision.

Anxious Mother—As I passed the parlor door last evening I saw Mr. Nicefello's face very, very close to yours.

Lovely Daughter—Y-e-s, ma, he's so near sighted.—Good News.

You and I.

Johnnie—What is an egotist, papa?

Papa—It is a person, my son, who tells you about himself those things which you want to tell him about yourself.—Washington Star.

Would If He Could.

Merriman (entering)—There is a man out there who would like to see you.

Graves—What kind of a man?

Merriman—A blind man.—Lowell Citizen.

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SATURDAY, - - FEBRUARY 2[illegible].

THE bill prohibiting persons under 18 years of age from entering saloons, which was defeated some time ago, was reconsidered and passed the House Thursday. It will be remembered that the defeat of the bill caused some very severe criticisms against the democratic members.

IF it would not be impertinent, the STAR would like to ask what has become of the Board of Trade? According to recollection there was an organization of this kind effected some time ago, but inquiry has failed to find that anything is being done to demonstrate its existence. It may be that the Board is doing its good work without making a fuss about it, but if so there are several members who are not onto the secret.

THE railroad statistics of the United States furnish no end of interesting figures to those who care to investigate them. Nearly one hundred and sixty thousand miles of road are in actual operation, and these roads employ about three million people in various capacities. During the last year $1,000,000,000 was spent in railway freights, and, figuring upon a basis of 62,000,000 population, this would make $16 for every man, woman and child in the country. This sum would pay the national debt, or supply free education to all the children in the country for a long period.

THE discussion of Monday's terrible tragedy at Columbus has not ceased entirely, and the causes that led thereto are being studied and commented upon by the press generally. That it was the direct result of sensational journalism there is no denial, but not from the liberty of the press, as it is understood. The Columbus Capital and World were not examples of the liberty of the press, but of the prostitution of journalism, fostered and kept in existence by sensuous patronage and a desire for the sensational. Decent journalism should not suffer from any disrepute or trouble precipitated by these vile publications.

YE gods, would the legislature that the graves of the dead be desecrated by their creditors! Hardly, yet that body has done strange things, and it gave an hour Friday to the discussion of a bill by Representative Griffin, of Lucas, to give undertakers or others the right to hold and enforce levies upon monuments, tombstones, vaults, cemetery lot posts or enclosures. With the passage of such a measure we might expect more, and it would not be going too far to anticipate a law to give the undertakers the right to exhume remains and claim unpaid-for caskets. And going still farther in its ghastliness, the bones of dear friends might be left above ground and kicked around as a penalty for once having been so impecunious. The legislature has been gay, frolicsome, capricious and even dignified at times, but its friends never expected it to consider such a ghoulish proposition as this tombstone law.

DURING the session of the Woman's National Council in Washington, Miss Francis E. Willard, its president, took occasion to criticise Grover Cleveland for his use of the word "female," and wished to remind the statesman that the vocabulary containing the word "female," as applied to women, had long since passed into "innocuous desuetude." Notwithstanding Miss Willard's exhile of the word it will probably be used to distinguish the sexes. But, come to think of it, the frequent use given to the word as it is applied to women, has become obnoxious. It doesn't sound pretty, and in its application carries with it a disrespectful insinuation, not so much from the word itself, but from the harshness of its usage. The talented Miss Willard will find her own sex unanimous in taking up the cause with her, but they should not be too severe upon Mr Cleveland, whose best act was in marrying one of the handsomest women of the nation and ornamenting the White House with her presence.

Marshal Kerschner of Tiffin, w[illegible] got a fair slice of a $[illegible] estate in Germany [illegible]

There is danger in impure blood. There is safety in taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. [illegible]

A Jersey Shore fellow says [illegible] you get a lovely cluster of boils on the back of your neck [illegible] wonderful man Job was.

I Have Taken Several

Bottles of Bradfield's Female Regulator for falling of the womb and other diseases combined, of 16 years standing, [illegible] here I am cured entirely, [illegible] accept my thanks.

MRS. W. E. STEBBINS, Ridge, Ga.

Sold at Flocken's Drug Store.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Young Mr. Astor [illegible] ble young [illegible] markable [illegible]

Charles [illegible] Mason, [illegible] and [illegible]

It is said of [illegible] post [illegible]

The Marquis of Lorne [illegible] came [illegible] an American girl [illegible] to be.

B. F. Swann, of [illegible] in his possession a [illegible] said to have been [illegible] the property of Thomas Jefferson.

Dr. Menzer, the [illegible] whose society pictures [illegible] of The London [illegible] and her sister [illegible]

Bismarck is said to have sent a large quantity of his papers to England for safe keeping against any [illegible] swoop upon them by the German government.

John E. Parsons, the lawyer of the sugar trust, looks much as Ralph Waldo Emerson looked when he was 50 years old. He is tall, attenuated and stoop shouldered.

Frank Higgins, who married Ida Lewis Watson, the Massachusetts poetess of passion, has changed his name to Pleners, in order to secure a fortune left by an Irish uncle.

Professor Tyndall is an Irishman by birth, and his early schooling was of the most unpretentious kind, his parents being in the humblest circumstances. He is now about 70 years of age.

James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of The New York Herald, is a naval veteran. He was a lieutenant and commanded his own yacht, which was armed and commissioned as a vessel of the United States navy.

Rev. Dr. Beach, of Cambridge, runs to fires for the good he may be able to do by way of assisting the unfortunate. He has been known also to stand at the brakes with the firemen and help "jerk her down lively."

Elias Howe, Jr., who was worth $1,000,000, was the richest private who served in the war. He enlisted in Bridgeport, Conn., in 1862. At one time, when supplies were low, he paid the two months' pay of the entire company.

Phillips Brooks is 55 years old, and for twenty years he has been the rector of Trinity church, in Boston. His salary is $10,000 a year, but of that a large proportion goes for charity, for his generosity is proverbial.

Senator Eustis, of Louisiana, is a big man physically and has a full voice and a deliberate, imposing style of speech that is very effective. At times his voice fills the senate chamber with its reverberations and again it falls to a loud whisper.

Cardinal Manning, the great English prelate, is 82 years old. His face is thin and bloodless, his eyes sunken, and the wrinkled skin is colorless. His kindly blue eyes twinkle merrily and a pleasant smile occasionally relieves his ascetic look.

Congressman-elect Page has presented the Maryland state museum with a petrified oyster, which weighs three pounds and nine ounces, and is seven inches long, seven inches wide and two inches thick. It was recently picked up by one of the dredgers.

The late Duke of Bedford was very much of a hermit. He rarely went abroad, and not one in a thousand of his tenants had ever seen him. His income exceeded £1,000 a day, and every morning he awoke to find himself richer than he was the day before.

THEATRICAL CHAT.

Horatio Alger, the well known writer of juvenile literature, is constructing a play for Elsie Leslie.

"All Quit Winners" is the title of a new comedy which Miss Helen Barry is starring in on her present tour.

Amelia Bingham and Sadie Loraine are going "Around the World" with W. J. Fleming's company.

A son of Henry Irving, Mr J. Irving, is about to play "David Garrick" as an amateur in St. Petersburg.

Jenny Hill, the famous English concert hall singer, has come to America to fill an engagement with Tony Pastor.

The new play by Pinero, which is soon to be presented at the Garrick theatre in London, is called "Lady Bountiful."

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., has almost entirely recovered from her recent illness, and she will in a few months make her debut in comic opera.

Sara Bernhardt's tour will comprise the United States, South America, Japan, China, Australia and India, possibly touching at Cairo on her way home.

D'Oyly Carte's new opera house in London, where Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe" is now running, is so built with iron and steel that no insurance will be asked.

Henrik Ibsen says he treats no "problem" or propounds no "thesis" in his new play, "Hedda Gabler," but has just tried to represent men and women as exactly as possible.

Oscar Wilde has sent a letter of thanks to the American press for the generous treatment of "Guido Ferranti," which Lawrence Barrett is playing in New York. This is an admission of the authorship of the play.

ROYAL FLUSHES

Emperor William II is a monometallist.

The Grand Duke George of Russia was severely injured while traveling in India.

Prince Bismarck is said to have lost 3,000,000 marks [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible]

The [illegible] took [illegible]

[illegible]

Queen Victoria [illegible]

[illegible]

ABOUT BIRDS' EGGS.

The [illegible] egg in the world is [illegible], a specimen [illegible] recently for $1,500.

[illegible] and kingfishers are [illegible] and so highly [illegible] the finest porcelain.

[illegible] of the United [illegible] ground, [illegible] encircling band [illegible] or lavender spots.

The eggs of some orioles and blackbirds are [illegible] marked, the markings [illegible] in a very striking way [illegible] characters and other grotesque [illegible]

In South America there is a cuckoo that lays [illegible] arranged in the form of [illegible], the one showing in the spaces [illegible], so that the effect is as if the shell were covered with a [illegible] net.

The eggs of ducks and geese, themselves [illegible] not very edible. On the other hand, certain sea birds which are not fit for food, as the gulls and species of the [illegible], lay eggs of excellent quality for eating purposes.

Of all known eggs the biggest is that of the extinct giant ostrich of Madagascar, supposed to be the original of the mythical roc. One of these will hold more than two gallons, [illegible] equal to 148 hens' eggs or six ostrich eggs.

Cuckoos of the genus crotophaga lay eggs which appear at first glance to be a dull white, but this is merely a chalky coating. When the coating is removed, which is [illegible] by gentle scraping, the shell is a very deep blue.

One species of the tinamous of South America lays an egg of a deep stone color and of a [illegible] so brilliant that it looks as if made [illegible] out of fine grained rock. Other species have eggs that are pink or blue or green in many different shades.

Double yolked hen's eggs are very common, and when hatched they are very apt to bring into the world four legged chickens. Often these chickens live and get along very comfortably, the extra legs being small and functionless, sticking out behind them as they walk.

The egg of the California partridge and of its Arizona relation, the gambels partridge, is covered with a delicate pinkish bloom, which softens and renders more beautiful the bold markings on the shell. But the touch of a finger destroys this bloom entirely, owing to the moisture of the skin.

The North American gray crested fly catchers lay eggs that have a delicate buff or cream colored ground varied by splashes of lavender and other soft neutral tints. The whole surface is marked with fine lines running lengthwise from end to end and looking exactly as if they were made with pen and ink.

THE GENTLER SEX.

Mrs. Cleveland is taking lessons on the violin.

Miss Nellie Gould is said to have made up her mind never to marry.

Maria Chattoway, formerly custodian of Shakespeare's birthplace, is dead.

Mrs. Loddy is the richest dressmaker in New York. She is said to be worth about $1,000,000, mostly invested in real estate.

It is rumored that Mrs. James Brown Potter contemplates writing a book in which some of her old society friends will figure conspicuously.

Little Mrs. Ye, the Corean minister's wife, is a tiny, dark eyed, solemn looking woman. She is a favorite in Washington society and is undeniably pretty.

Blanche Willis Howard is as busy in a literary way since her marriage to Dr. Teuffel as she was before. She lives at Stuttgart, and is said to be ideally happy.

Mrs. Jerry Simpson is a modest, agreeable and sensible little woman, who is devoted to her liege lord and is proud of the honors which have been showered upon him.

Miss Hildegarde Hawthorne, the eldest daughter of Julian Hawthorne, has just made her debut at sweet 17. She is tall, lithe, very fair and intensely aristocratic looking.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sloane's gift to Col. Shepard's daughter on her marriage was a necklace of diamond pendants, in which were 235 brilliants, and which was estimated to be worth $100,000.

Minnie Lamb has settled for a money consideration her breach of promise suit against Simon Obermeier, the wealthy Cincinnati merchant, who ran away to Chicago and married an ex-nun.

The reappearance of Mrs. Roscoe Conkling on the streets of New York brings back to thousands recollections of her earlier beauty. Mrs. Conkling must be more than 60 years old, but is still stately.

Mrs. P. T. Barnum is 40, her husband is double that age. She was a Miss Fish, of Bury, Lancashire, England, the daughter of a prominent cotton manufacturer, and a beauty well known all through the County Palatine.

The reading clerk of the Colorado state senate is Miss Anna W. Kelly, a young and very pretty woman. She reads rapidly, clearly and with correctness of accent and pronunciation. She is the first woman to hold such a position.

Alice Watson Pryor, to whom Guiteau, assassin of President Garfield, paid attention and proposed marriage, died at Jasper, Tenn. She was of good family, beautiful, gay and spirited, but became a recluse, with shattered nerves, after the execution of Guiteau.

QUEER AND CURIOUS.

A Nashville man has a scarfpin the [illegible] of which is a man's eye, petrified, set in a gold frame.

[illegible] county, Tenn., recently a very [illegible] married a widow 57 years of [illegible] seventeen living children

[illegible] advertisement in an English [illegible] "This concert takes place [illegible] and not yesterday, as [illegible] announced."

[illegible] let into the secret by one [illegible] that a distinguished [illegible] "M. Le Grand McAllister [illegible] 400 books."

[illegible] throw a stone and hit a [illegible] then ask him as he [illegible] "Does it please heaven to [illegible] this morning?"

[illegible] never pays for the tickets [illegible] a young woman to the [illegible] attends to that [illegible] insulted if the young [illegible]

[illegible] appeared among [illegible] If alarmed by [illegible] a whistle or [illegible] violently, contract [illegible] and stiffen their limbs, [illegible] waltz like dervishes.

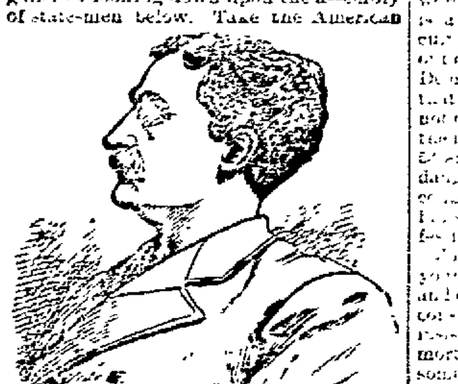
HANDSOME STATESMEN.

WHO ARE THE BEST LOOKING REPRESENTATIVES?

A Question in Which Many, Especially Among the Ladies, Are Greatly Interested, Answered with Illustrating Portraits by Mr. Robert Graves.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Feb 23.—Who are the ten handsomest men in the house of representatives? This query was put at me by one of the many bright and curious young women who are any day to be found in the galleries looking down upon the assembly of statesmen below. Take the American



MR. SHIVELY.

house of commons as a whole, and it is remarkable for the plainness, even the ugliness, of the persons composing it. Some of the homeliest men that walk the face of earth are members of the house, and not a few of these ugly ones are among the bright and useful and influential men of the body. Luckily there is no occult nor obvious relationship between beauty of face and statesmanship. Yet if a man be able and eloquent and influential, and handsome to boot, so much the better for him. A handsome, well dressed statesman is certainly preferable to an ugly, slovenly one, other things being equal, and the curiosity of the young woman hereinbefore mentioned is indicative of good taste, and her question one altogether worthy our attention.

The ten handsomest men in the house, then, are Shively of Indiana, Gibson and Rusk of Maryland, Clements of Georgia, Lodge and Candler of Massachusetts, Fithian of Illinois, Butterworth of Ohio, Turner of New York, and Dolliver of Iowa. A year or two ago Mr. Gibson was generally accorded first prize in the show of beauty, but alas! the whilom beau of the house is growing old, and Shively, of Indiana, has succeeded to the throne. This gentleman, like all great beauties, male and female, is a subject of contention. There are critics who see nothing beyond the commonplace in Mr Shively's face, while others, women especially, "rave" over him. Mr. Shively is indeed a remarkably handsome man. His head is that of a poet. Its poise and shape instantly attract the eye. His hair, abundant and wavy, is jet black. His clear cut features are adorned by comely, cavalierish mustachios. His eyes, large and dark, sharp and bright, yet full of depth, are as fine a pair of eyes as ever man carried in his head. Mr. Shively stands six feet and two inches,



MR. LODGE.

MR. CANDLER. MR. BUTTERWORTH.

straight, broad shouldered. He is a little awkward in his movements, but wherever he goes or sits in the house the gaze of numberless pairs of feminine eyes is sure to follow him.

Mr. Shively is blissfully unconscious of the attention which he attracts. He is one handsome man out of a thousand who gives little thought to his appearance. There is no more modest man in the house than he, none who works harder or is more serious or earnest in his efforts to deserve the confidence placed in him by his constituents. He is not yet quite thirty-four, and has been five years in congress. On his first appearance here he was the youngest man in the house. He has been a school teacher, a lawyer, and is by profession a journalist. He is married.

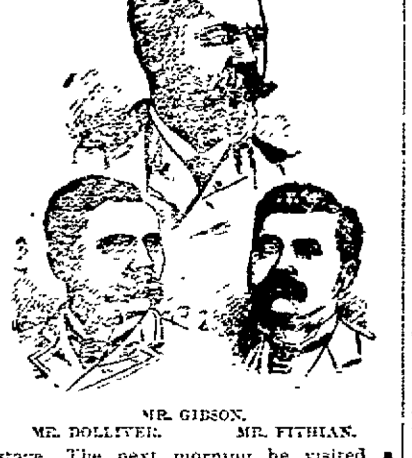
Mr Gibson, of Maryland, is still a remarkably handsome man, despite his years. He does not give his age in The Congressional Directory, as most congressmen do, but he must be approaching fifty, as he was admitted to the bar twenty-seven years ago. He is tall, and has the finest figure to be seen on the floor of the house—a military figure, well attired, handsomely borne. His hair mustachios and whiskers are iron gray, and he is a little bald. He is a gallant man among the ladies, a fine dancer, exceedingly popular. He has a reputation as a bon vivant, and has done more to popularize the expensive terrapin, the liking for which is an acquired taste better not acquired by men of moderate means, than any other man in public life. Mr. Gibson has been six years in congress, is attentive to his duties, and has made a good record. He will not be a member of the next [illegible]

A very [illegible] man is Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts. He has a [illegible] sinewy figure, an intellectual, [illegible] face, a [illegible] brown hair and a [illegible] Van Dyke beard. His bearing is [illegible] in hot weather [illegible] russet shoes, flannel [illegible] trousers and other national [illegible] which only brave [illegible] of the soulful and [illegible] unthinkingly call Mr [illegible] New England dude," but he is [illegible] On the contrary, he [illegible] man, aggressive in [illegible] a fine horseman [illegible] Mr. Lodge has been six [illegible] He has been a [illegible] years old, very [illegible] society than who [illegible]

[illegible] Mr Candler is with [illegible] handsomest of the elderly men in the house. Mr Candler celebrated his sixty third birthday a [illegible] ago, [illegible] does not look a day more than fifty. He has a good [illegible] bright eyes, [illegible] adorned with [illegible] He is [illegible] to Rhode [illegible] been married. Mr C[illegible] some married to a [illegible] young [illegible] He is [illegible] between [illegible] executive [illegible] the World's [illegible] one of the [illegible]

Another handsome [illegible] along in years, is [illegible] women in the gallery [illegible] often ask "How came [illegible] The word [illegible] peculiar [illegible] for it is a face which smiles with [illegible] intellectual culture, wit [illegible] Butterworth is witty, [illegible] the first orator of the house, and Democrats and Republicans alike regret that he is going out of public life. He is not only one of the handsomest but one of the most popular congressmen. His age is 5[illegible] and he has a [illegible] grown sons and daughters. After serving ten years in congress he voluntarily retires to devote himself to the World's fair and to his profession of practice.

[illegible] Dolliver, of Iowa, is one of the youngest men in the house, being only 33, and one whom the ladies who have been consulted in the preparation of this letter insist upon including in our list of ten immortals. Mr. Dolliver is not very handsome except when he talks, and then his face glows with animation and expression, his eyes twinkle, smiles play hide and seek under his drooping mustachios, and these attractions, combined with his wit and eloquence, have made him exceedingly popular. When Mr. Dolliver came from the backwoods of Iowa two years ago he was an awkward youth, full of party zeal and personal ambition, and a carping critic of fashionable society. In two months Mr. Dolliver relented sufficiently to hire a dress coat for one occasion only, vowing it would be his last appearance on the social



MR. GIBSON.

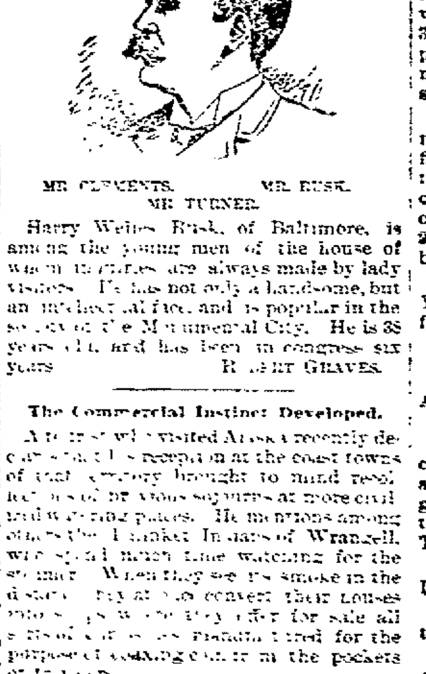
MR. DOLLIVER. MR. FITHIAN.

stage. The next morning he visited a tailor, and now he is where all manly, witty, handsome, unmarried young statesmen should be—in the swim. He has been re-elected, has made a good impression during his first term, and has a future.

Four years ago a guard on the Sixth avenue elevated trains often excited comment among his fair passengers by his handsome face, dark hair, bright eyes, blonde complexion, perfect figure and graceful manners. Later the young possessor of these attractions drove an ice wagon through the streets of fashionable uptown New York, and no doubt was furtively peeped at from behind lace curtains by my lady up stairs as well as boldly stared at by the servants who superintended the storing away of the ice. Now this handsome young fellow, known to fame as "Turner, the iceman," is a dignified, useful and promising member of congress. He is as handsome as ever, popular in society, and has made two or three very good speeches—a pretty good record, the reader will agree, for a young man who has not yet turned thirty.

Mr. Fithian, of Illinois, is a handsome young giant, swarthy, black haired, with eyes which a woman might envy him the possession of. He is 36 years old, unmarried, unacquainted with society, a hard working, serious minded man. He has been re elected and will make his mark.

Clements, of Georgia, is a type of the dark, handsome, graceful men who come out of the south and charm us all, men and women alike, with their gracious manner and cheerful friendliness. Mr. Clements is 45 years old, athletic, married, and has been ten years in congress.



MR. CLEMENTS. MR. RUSK.

MR. TURNER.

Harry Welles Rusk, of Baltimore, is among the young men of the house of whom its critics are always made by lady visitors. He has not only a handsome, but an intellectual face, and is popular in the society of the Monumental City. He is 38 years old, and has been in congress six years.

R[illegible] GRAVES.

The Commercial Instinct Developed.

A tourist who visited Alaska recently declares that the reception at the coast towns of that territory brought to mind recollections of previous sojourns at more civilized watering places. He mentions among others the blanket Indians of Wrangell, who spend much time watching for the steamer. When they see its smoke in the distance they at once convert their houses into shops where they offer for sale all sorts of curios manufactured for the purpose of coaxing coin from the pockets of travelers.

Will He Become an African?

Can a [illegible] change his skin? To this question the doctors of Reading, Pa., hope [illegible] at an early date. One of [illegible] skin of a [illegible] The [illegible] between the [illegible] of the patch grow [illegible] is that the graft will retain its original hue and exercise no influence on the surrounding epidermis.

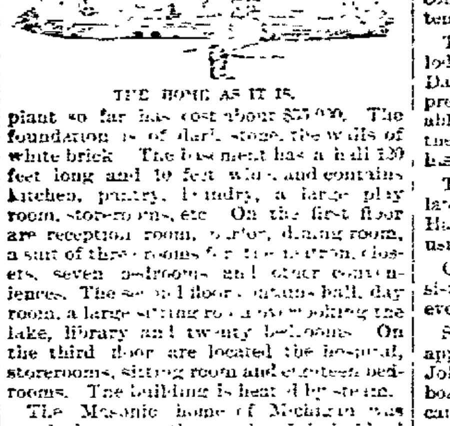
FRATERNAL GOSSIP.

NEWS WHICH IS TOLD IN SECRET SOCIETY CIRCLES

Two Pictures and a Description of the Masonic Home Recently Dedicated at Grand Rapids, Mich.—It Cost $60,000. Items from Many Other Orders.

When on Jan. 27 the grand lodge of Michigan Freemasons met at Grand Rapids the most important [illegible] body was the [illegible] of the Michigan Masonic Home. This was accomplished with much [illegible]

The building was [illegible], the corner stone having been laid [illegible] that year. The building [illegible] represents one wing of the edifice as it is intended to be. It stands on a farm of forty-three acres, facing Reed's lake. The

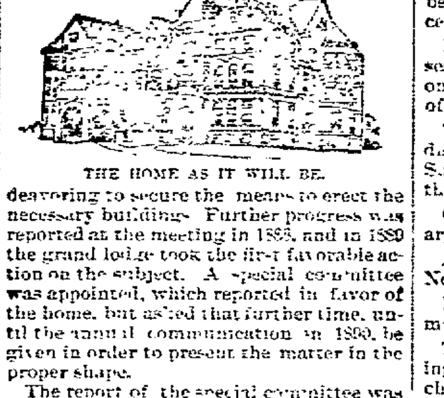


THE HOME AS IT IS.

plant so far has cost about $35,000. The foundation is of dark stone, the walls of white brick. The basement has a hall 130 feet long and 10 feet wide, and contains kitchen, pantry, laundry, a large play room, storerooms, etc. On the first floor are reception room, parlor, dining room, a suit of three rooms for the matron, closets, seven bedrooms and other conveniences. The second floor contains hall, day room, a large sitting room overlooking the lake, library and twenty bedrooms. On the third floor are located the hospital, storerooms, sitting room and eighteen bedrooms. The building is heated by steam.

The Masonic home of Michigan was until this year the work of individual members of the craft. At a meeting of the grand lodge in January, 1885, a petition was presented by Bro. Nelson Hoskins, of Attica lodge, No. 295, requesting the grand lodge to purchase a "suitable piece or parcel of land, and erect thereon a building to be used as a home for worthy destitute brother Master Masons, their widows and orphans, said property to be controlled and paid for from grand lodge funds." This was the first introduction of the matter in the grand lodge, and did not meet with favor, as the resolution accompanying the petition was indefinitely postponed. Those who realized the importance of the matter saw that the effort must be an individual one, and accordingly the "Michigan Masonic Home association" was organized Nov. 5, 1885.

In 1886 the grand master in his address called the attention of the grand lodge to the movement, but no action was taken. In 1887 Grand Master Shoemaker spoke of the home as an established fact, and that the efforts of the brethren had been crowned with success. They had then purchased grounds near Grand Rapids, and were en-



THE HOME AS IT WILL BE.

deavoring to secure the means to erect the necessary buildings. Further progress was reported at the meeting in 1888, and in 1889 the grand lodge took the first favorable action on the subject. A special committee was appointed, which reported in favor of the home, but asked that further time, until the annual communication in 1890, be given in order to present the matter in the proper shape.

The report of the special committee was very full and carefully prepared. They presented the case in all its bearings. The report with some few amendments was adopted. The Grand Lodge donated $3,000 toward the completion of the buildings. There can be no doubt as to their action in the future.

The efforts of the individual members of the craft have been successful beyond their expectations.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

The New Senator from New Hampshire a Knight—Notes.

Dr. J. H. Gallinger, who has just been elected a United States senator from New Hampshire, has been a member of the Knights of Honor for a number of years. He was a member of the supreme lodge several years and served as supreme vice dictator in 1877.

The Courier, of Hickman, Ky., says that Supreme Representative J. W. Cowgill has been re-elected mayor of that city by a handsome majority.

Under the date of Jan. 8 Supreme Secretary Harvey writes: "The net gain for November was 1,070, for the past three months, 3,741; average for the last five months, [illegible] per month. A like increase to September next will give 77,356 at the session of the supreme lodge."

The Knights of Honor is the oldest assessment secret society in Atlanta, Ga., the first charter having been obtained seventeen years ago. Both lodges are in good condition financially. The annual report of Jan. 1 showed that the membership was 253. Georgia lodge 127 pays a sick benefit, but the Gate City does not.

The present membership is 68,519. New York has 14,038, Illinois 10,182 and California 1,355.

RED MEN.

A Permanent Location for New Jersey's Great Council—Notes.

At the coming session of the great council of New Jersey the subject of selecting a place permanently for the meeting of the great council will be disposed of. Some of the members are in favor of selecting Trenton as the permanent place.

A tribe is to be instituted at Greenfield, Ind.

Rumor has it that The Wampum Belt is to be revived and published by a syndicate.

Special Deputy Supreme Chief [illegible] A. H. Lacey has several leagues under way of organization in New Hampshire and Maine.

A Chieftains' league is to be instituted in a few suns at Oakland, Cal.

New passwords for tribes, councils of Pocahontas and Chieftains' leagues have been issued.

Thomas K. Donnelly, great incohonee of the Great Council of the United States, has returned from a long trip south and west.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

The Maine State Relief Association—Other News of the Order.

The annual meeting of the Maine State Pythian Relief association was held in Portland Monday evening. The present membership is 20[illegible], 19 members having died during the year, 55 been suspended and [illegible] $[illegible] has been received in assessments, $25,141 for assessments and $[illegible] and not used $22,452 is the amount of certificates during the year including [illegible] insurance $2,057,250, which [illegible] all suspensions, leaves $2,051,[illegible] certificates in force. The average age of the 19 deceased members was [illegible] years, average age of present membership [illegible] years, 3 months. The amount paid for benefits was $41,895; balance on hand, $4,531.61. The old officers were re-elected.

The Nebraska grand lodge officers report the institution of fourteen new lodges, with a net increase of only 253 members, the total membership on June 30 being 5,917. The net assets of subordinate lodges, which are numbered to and including 135, aggregate $35,600.

There are four lodges in Atlanta, Ga., with a membership of 600.

The Pythian knights in Boston have in consideration the project for a Pythian temple to be erected by an association.

The Hawaiian islands now have six lodges and a grand lodge is being formed. David Dayton, for many years deputy supreme chancellor, has been an indefatigable worker, and much of the progress of the order in that far away region is due to his efforts.

The ritual of the order has been translated into the Bohemian language, and Hans Juh lodge, No. 5, of Nebraska, is now using it.

Ohio has sixteen temples of Pythian sisters which are admitting members every evening.

Supreme Chancellor George B. Shaw has appointed John P. Linton, P. S. C., of Johnstown, Pa., to fill the vacancy in the board of control of the endowment rank caused by the death of Dr. D. J. Holland.

There are twenty-four U. R. divisions in New York state.

By a fire at Early, Ia., the Knights of Pythias lodge lost almost all their property.

Some of the lodges are having a hard pull to recover from the immense strain made upon their treasury by the grippe last fall.

Robert Downing, the well known tragedian, is a member of Daniel Webster lodge No. 7, Washington, D. C.

A. O. U. W.

Organization of the Grand Lodge of Montana—Other Items.

The grand lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen of the state of Montana was recently organized at Helena, Mon., by D. Sup. M. W. J. W. Kinsley, and was set apart twelve days later as a separate jurisdiction by the supreme master workman. The new jurisdiction had over 1,900 members at the time the grand lodge was organized, and has certainly passed the 2,000 mark ere this.

On the 1st day of January, 1891, the grand jurisdiction of Missouri had 23,107 members in good standing, the gain during December being 193.

New York and Illinois each had two assessments for January. The former drew on the relief fund, much to the satisfaction of the members.

The A. O. U. W. makes an average daily disbursement of about $13,000, including Sundays, which makes a grand total for the year of $4,715,000.

Only one assessment in Missouri in January.

Amount of beneficiary fund paid out in November, 1890, $359,316.96.

Net gain in membership for twelve months, 17,020.

The largest gain of any jurisdiction during November was 427 made by Massachusetts; the second, 349, was in Ontario. Missouri gained only 143.

Illinois is determined to have some energetic deputies placed in the field at once, in that respect following the example of Missouri. Biennial sessions of the grand lodge are also under discussion.

The membership of the order in the Massachusetts jurisdiction, Jan. 1, exceeded 20,500.

I. O. O. F.

What Has Been Done by the Order Since Its Birth—Notes.

Since Odd Fellowship was established, says The Companion, 1,635,351 members have been initiated; 1,450,381 have received relief; 181,607 widowed families relieved, and 111,594 members have died. Fifty-one million, two hundred and fifty-eight thousand, three hundred and ninety-one dollars and twenty-one cents have been paid out for relief. The total receipts during these years was $151,679,540.93.

A new lodge has been instituted at Purcell, Chickasaw Nation.

The representatives in congress from New Hampshire are members of the order.

Illinois contributed about $300 toward establishing a home in Jacksonville, Fla.

Seven new lodges were instituted in North Carolina during the last six weeks of 1890.

A new canton of the Patriarchs Militant is to be established at Jefferson City, Ind.

A brother in Albany, N. Y., has been treasurer of his lodge forty-three years.

Past Grand Peter Putnam, of Beaverwyck, N. Y., has been a member of the order for fifty-two years, and during that time has sat as representative in the grand lodge over twenty-five years.

A marriage of a brother and sister of Grace lodge, D. of R., at Germantown, O., recently took place in the hall of that lodge and was largely attended by members and friends.

Since 1861 no lodge in New Hampshire has given up its charter or given up its organization, and none is likely to for many years to come.

IRON HALL.

The Order Grows Rapidly in the West—Other Interesting Items.

There was a large increase in the order during December and up to the present [illegible] averaging over 1,000 per month in the west, [illegible] for a large share of it. Several new branches were recently organized in C[illegible]

T[illegible] has been occupied [illegible] to lend matters [illegible] welfare of the order. He reports [illegible] in favor of the order.

The supreme cashier, M. C. Davis, gives a [illegible] of the financial condition of the order. He reports the number of claims paid up to date 43,258, making a total paid out of $4,500,000.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE BEAUX OF FIFTY-FOUR.

Another Evening of Delightful Social Reminiscence, in Which the Belles and Beaux Both Participate.

Saturday evening, Feb. 21, 1891, the spacious parlors at the residence of J. C. Johnston, Esq., were thrown open to welcome another reunion of the belles of '54. This time the circle was increased by the presence of Mattie, Mary B., Mary Anne and Hattie B., while the old-time beaux assembled were Simon, Gill, Oliver, Samuel, Edward, Jacob and J. C.

From the first entrance to the brilliantly lighted house, an atmosphere of social fellowship was realized. Not one moment of embarrassment marred the happy evening. Mrs. Col. H., as before, contributed her full share of memory glimpses, and the pictures drawn forth from time's dim recesses were both mirthful and pathetic. The departed ones, who had lived in other days, came up in recollection: the good to be praised, the wayward spoken of in kind forbearance, for all had walked far enough over the pathway of life to realize their own weakness and cover the faults of others with the spirit of loving charity.

Then came the escapades, spelling schools, parties, etc. A party was given at the home of Ben Williams, on the hill, now the residence of T. P. Wallace. All the young people in the town were invited—the town was small then. Two young men ordered new suits for the grand affair. The prevailing style in gentlemen's clothes were tight fitting, very tight fitting, and our young men wished to be in style. The evening came and Oliver arrayed himself in his bran new suit, but during his long walk up the hill, he meditated within himself and, with a caution that has always been characteristic of our esteemed townsman, wisely decided that he would enjoy himself much better by remaining in an upright position during all the evening. So his tall form graced the walls or corners, while the festive Simon, whose only new garment was his coat, "all buttoned down before," rollicked about in his freedom, secretly enjoying the discomfiture of his friend. But fate evens up everything in time, and Simon's time was near. Supper was announced, and he assisted in serving. He was passing through the crowded room with a plate of oyster soup in each hand. He met an obstruction and suddenly stopped, but not so the young man behind him, or the two plates of soup he carried. They and their contents went straight on, on to the back of the fine new coat, and went their hot-slippery way down the whole length of the ample skirt, then fell dripping to the floor. The only article that survived the disaster, unsullied, was the white shirt collar. That stood up stiff, high and starchy, so starchy that it scratched his ears every time he tried to look behind to learn the extent of his misfortune. Now our young man was not given to embarrassment. He had a happy way of taking the hard things of life, for he was no older then than he is now, but the slippery poultice, so suddenly applied, for once overwhelmed him with confusion. Of course, the mishap set all the belles a singing, and Oliver a grinning.

From a party at old Mr. Copeland's, in the north part of town, this little bit is remembered: It was a hot July evening. A young man was promenading the open porch, with a lively Miss at his side. He desired to be gallant, and flourished a palm-leaf fan, for the comfort of his companion, so vigorously and continuously that in defense Libbie cried out, "Please, Oliver, don't fan me any more; so much wind isn't good for my complexion. I'm afraid it will tan me."

Not all the pictures brought forth on this happy evening were memory pictures. Our dignified host came into the room and furatively glanced about to see if Louisa Jane was near, to protest, but the fine looking hostess was temporarily absent, so two battered daguerreotypes of a pair of lovers of '54 were exhibited and went the rounds of the room, provoking laughter and funny comments. Like all the daguerreotypes of the olden times, these pictures had an air about them of much resignation, for having your picture taken then was quite an event and required much preparation and anxious thought. Louisa Jane had on her best bonnet, made in the quaint style of the day, but a sweeter face never looked out from any bonnet, new or old. Perhaps

> "In tying her bonnet under her chin,
> She tied a her lover's heart within."

J. C. had donned his Sunday hat for the important occasion, and the grave look he wore caused one lady to remark, irreverently, "He looks like a back-woods, Methodist preacher." You must remember he was at this time a young student, and doubtless the profound look was caused by the unfolding mysteries of legal lore.

The merriment of the evening was not the merriment of the past. Our group of friends were then in life's morning, now they are nearing its sunset. Not one but had experienced in some degree the bitterness of earth. With chastened hearts they now look hopefully forward to that greater and more blissful reunion above.

> No dark raven in the rain,
> Came a tapping on the pane;
> Belles were musically ringing,
> Memory its tribute bringing
> Of the happenings of yore;
> How the beaux, beaux, beaux,
> All arrayed in Sunday clothes,
> Came a rapping at the door,
>
> Ah, these very youthful beaux,
> How their faint na-spirits rose
> At the favor of the belles—
> Laughing belles, watching belles—
>
> Would you ever once suppose
> That these timid, awkward beaux,
> Who stood rapping at the door,
> In the year of '54,
> With the belles, sunny belles,
>
> Now keep house, and o'er and o'er
> Twains come rapping tnrta door,
> For the younger belles who b'oom
> In the atmosphere of home?
>
> 'Tis the story oft repeated,
> Life was never yet completed
> Or its full enchantment meted,
> Till the the beaux, beaux, beaux,
> And the belles, belles, belles,
> Unto each the story tells.
>
> Life and love go hand in hand:
> Cupid seldom raps in vain,
> But with tapping, tapping, tapping,
> Winds about his silken chain
>
> So these hale and handsome beaux,
> Full of rude and boyish fun
> In the long ago, are now
> Grandpapa's in '91.

Hope.

THE MELVILLE SISTERS

Their Advent Promises a Dramatic Event. Will Open Monday Night at Popular Prices.

The Melville Sisters and their company will open a week's stand at Music Hall Monday night, and they promise a week of excellent plays. This company has played in all surrounding towns, and the press has been unusually liberal in commending its performances. In this line the Akron Beacon has said:

This evening the Melville company will conclude what has been a very successful week's engagement at the Academy of Music. The combination has played to firstrate business during the entire week and has given satisfaction at every performance. The Melville Sisters, from whom the company takes its name, are capable, painstaking actresses and, in many of the standard dramatic attractions which they present, do really clever work. Their supporting company is very fair. They deserve the success they have achieved in producing at popular prices some of the strongest dramas ever written. Many a theatre goer in this city has paid 75 cents to see performances of a deal less artistic merit than those which the Melville Sisters gave for 10, 20 and 30 cents. The Melville Sisters and their company fill a niche in the dramatic world that could not be filled by high priced companies. By them is reached a class of people who enjoy stage performances, yet who would not attend one in a year if the price of admission was not less than a dollar or even 75 cents. Many of these persons can not afford to pay fancy prices for amusement and it is no discredit to them that they can not. They have the same right to the need of amusement as their brethren who are more fortunate financially and they exact a deal of enjoyment from the performances given by the Melville Sisters. But these are by no means the only people that attend the performance of this company. Bless you no! Many of the theatre goers are regular attendants. They are attracted partly by curiosity and partly by a desire to renew acquaintance with plays some of which are now seldom produced, although in point of merit they are incomparably superior to much of the stuff which has crowded them into the background. Then too, many persons attend the Melville Sisters' performance who, not from any lack of money, but from principal, will not pay to see high-priced entertainments. To them no entertainment is worth 75 cents or a dollar and they will not pay those prices. The Melville company has, therefore, its niche to fill and it fills it admirably. It deserves the success it has had in Akron this week and will always be warmly welcomed in this city.

A DOG'S LIFE

An Interesting Case to Sheep and Dog Owners, Under a New Law.

What promises to be a new and interesting case to owners and harborers of dogs, as well as the keepers of sheep, will have a hearing in 'Squire Payne's court Tuesday. Enoch Hoke, a large sheep owner residing near Gurley's Station, has been bothered by dogs among his sheep for some time, so much so that he has been compelled to hire watchers to guard his animals. One morning recently Mr. Hoke discovered and shot at a dog which he followed to the home of a neighbor, Caleb Davis.

Hoke, determined to get some redress for the wrongs done his flocks, came to town for legal consultation. It seems he was apprised of the following law, passed April 24, 1890: "The owner or harborer of any animal of the dog kind, who permits such animal to be at large away from the premises occupied by him, unaccompanied by any person, shall be fined $5; and any person may kill any such animal found so running at large," etc. On this authority Mr. Hoke swore out a warrant before 'Squire Payne for the arrest of Davis. Davis appeared Friday, retained counsel, and determined to fight the matter. The law, so far as is known, has never been tried, and much interest will be attached to the result.

Accidentally Shot.

A case of accidental shooting is reported to have occurred near Waldo Friday, but the particulars at hand are quite meagre. It appears that C. W. Patterson, a former teacher, was visiting the school northwest of Waldo, and had with him a shot gun. While mingling with the scholars, gun in hand, he states that he tripped and fell, discharging the gun, the load taking effect in the leg of an 11-year-old boy named Jacob Strine. The shot were small, the kind used for birds, and how seriously he is injured is not learned.

Coincidence.

First Stranger—[illegible]—So you are selling Professor Blank's new book, are you? Strange coincidence! I am Professor Blank.

Second Stranger—That so! Then you wrote the very book I am agent for?

"Yes. The hardest work I ever did was writing that book."

"Well, well! That's another strange coincidence. The hardest work I ever did was trying to sell it."—New York Weekly.

A Regular Scamp.

[illegible] hunting to- [illegible] that I will [illegible] now in the [illegible] might bring home [illegible]—Siftings

RAMBLING NOTES

A JOINT CONTRIBUTION OF BREEZY PARAGRAPHS FROM THE SOUTH.

Nothing Especial Yet Several Jottings of Passing Interest—Marionites and Their Interest In Florida—The Commissioners Kindly Remembered.

Florida is four hundred miles long, and that accounts for the difference of opinion as to its climate and productions.

* *

The Indian river has no current, but is a lagoon of salt water. It teems with fish and aquatic fowl. It is separated from the ocean by a strip of sand, in some places fully one hundred yards wide. At the upper end it is divided into two rivers by Merritt's Island. The east river is three miles wide and is called Bananna river. The water to the north is called Banana creek. The island is thirty miles long and contains 45,000 acres of land, or about one-fifth the size of Marion county.

* *

Upon the west bank of Merritt's Island the Marion colony is located. All their lands face the river, abutting thereon. The water front ownership being very valuable, the land is in general reckoned by feet front. T. P. Walace, Jolma Laphan, Amos Laphan, Mrs. Lee, Henry Love, Bruin Fisher, Matt Thompson, and James Thompson, all of Marion, are owners here, and have from two hundred to six hundred feet front on the river, with the exception of Jimmy Thompson who now holds 120 acres of interior land. These holdings all have orange groves, and in a few years will be profitable to their owners, if properly cared for. All seem contented and happy.

* *

The guava is the apple of Florida. It makes superior jelly and nice butter. It has a strong, peculiar flavor and in appearance is somewhat similar to our May apple. It is easily grown from a low, bushy tree.

* *

The mulberry has its home in Florida and grows to perfect maturity here.

* *

By setting lines in the river many fish are taken. Mr. Thompson brought in a sixteen pound sea bass and a ten pound trout; the atter a superb fish. Col. Christian hooked into a four-foot dog shark, and after a brisk pull and haul lost him from the frayed line.

* *

Funny, but one of the first complaints heard here was of the county commissioners. The suffering from incompetent county commissioners must be a malady of national extent. What a picnic Marion county commissioners would have in Brevard county, here. They could make a working day out of 313 every year, trying to ditch the Indian river dry. And this county is over 100 miles long. Think of the mileage that Loyer, Raub and Uncapher could count up! We are lost in the contemplation of the vastness thereof—of the mileage, not the business capacity.

* *

The blooded poultry craze has never struck this section, strange to note. It is a land adapted to chickens, and the eggs are an important part of the living. Nature has made this a rare land for chickens as well as the ducks that float the waters. The scratching is good.

* *

The bouquet on the sitting room table this morning is of wild flowers; flowering southern dandelion, verbena, pink spiderwort, yellow delphinium, coriopsus, golden rod, whortleberry blossoms, purple lupin, partridge pea, ferns and other nameless ones. The ladies gathered them in a few minutes along the river margin.

* *

For food fish the Indian river teems with mullet. They go in shoals, refuse bait and are caught by casting a noose net. A peck at a haul is no uncommon draft. It is a fine table fish. Panpano are found in myriads at the end of the island and are considered a delicacy.

* *

We have chartered a barefoot sailor boy, a manly little fellow, and his cat boat. We went out yesterday to tempt the weather. A fresh southeast wind made a rough sea and our little craft danced over the water in great shape. It was rough and a little exciting to us land lubbers, but save the wetting from the dash of the spray we had no ill effects.

* *

A curious thing in vegetation is the root of the shrub palmetto. One of these shrubs no larger than a gooseberry bush will often have a root fully six inches in diameter and five or more feet long, lying mostly on the surface of the ground. These palmetto roots are one of the drawbacks to clearing the ground. Nothing like them is seen anywhere in the north. Except that the root grows almost horizontal its proportion and relation to its foliage is not unlike a radish, enlarged a few hundred times.

* *

Brevard county is dry on the saloon question, but visitors are admitted with large, well filled bottles without inspection. The travel would be wonderfully diminished if the bottles were barred. There are plenty of antidotes for snake bites for all who want them. Every southbound boat unloads a large number of three-gallon jugs at the principal places, and there is no secret about their contents. This would seem to indicate the failure of prohibition, but a gentleman informs us that the absence of the saloon is a great blessing. The old-time southerner still has a liking for shooting or cutting when he is full, and the negro is a doubly bad citizen under the influence. Most of these jugs come via the Queen and Crescent route, and there is a story told that the residents of that prohibition boom town, Harriman, Tenn., walk out to the trains to take a whiff at the corks enroute.

* *

The Alliance is a prosperous organization here, though the need of one is not apparent to the slightest degree. The farmer (who is the orange grower) needs to ask favors of nobody. The tariff doesn't effect him, he never has to pay off a loan—according to the custom of the country, and more than this his soil produces a handsome income.

* *

A home without a snake hide is a barren one indeed. The favorite trophy is the pelt of a diamond rattler. There would be no surprise to see the favorite northern motto descecrated to read "What is home without a snake skin?"

* *

The ladies of our party went calling the other day, and declining our offer of a sail boat, accepted Mr. Thompson's springless wagon, with a nice big jasackie for motive power. They went down the island and over the county road. Now the road is paved with corduroy, and so Mesdames Fisher, Kling, Wallace and Christian went bumping along over the ups and downs of the pine logs, enjoying very much the novel ride through the pine woods, and the grave, sad look of the dignified mule.

* *

Our northern ladies have hard work to grasp the reality of the snuff dipper. The Florida women disgustingly dip snuff fully as enthusiastically as the Georgia women, though the Florida dippers are outnumbered by their sisters in Georgia. They carry the dipping stick in their mouth as complacently as a man does a tooth pick, never removing it except to eat or to smear on a fresh application of snuff.

* *

Mr. Thompson asked Col. Christian to try for some wild ducks along the water front for dinner. He was gone twenty minutes and brought in four. Two were killed at a single shot. The hunter came in with overflowed rubber boots—but a little thing like that one does not mind down here.

* *

T. P. Wallace, E. J. Fairfield, Bruen Fisher, Frank Laws and Director Henry Wannamaker True left us on Tuesday last for a cruise down the river in Skipper Wallace's good ship, "Solid Comfort," bound for Indian River Inlet, to fish. The Solid Comfort is a veritable home boat, fitted up with every convenience for comfort. She is rigged with a main sail, top sail and jib and can sail five miles an hour with favorable winds. She will cruise for two weeks, all hands living on board. Fairfield is armed with a tarpon tackle, so look out for some big fish stories.

* *

Snakes in Florida are just over the next divide. We have not seen any. The dangerous breed are the diamond rattlers. Jalma Lapham has the skin of one that makes my spine creep to look at it. Mr. Martin tells me that in ten years he has hunted everywhere and has seen but five. Two men have been killed, however, in this region during the past year, so the D. R. is evidently no myth. He is a noisy chap, however, and slow to strike.

* *

Word comes that the county commissioners have bounced Con Maloy to make a man named Brady janitor. Brady, B-r-a-d-y? Oh, yes! The commissioners want a man with a gun to defend them from the irate taxpayer who has been robbed by their ditch transactions.

* *

In the Indian river country at this time you can meet Henry True, wife and son, E. J. Fairfield, Warren Harding, Mrs. Brewer, Mrs. Boyington, Henderson Harvey, P. G. Harvey, Jalma Lapham, wife and daughter, Mrs. E. P. Fisher, Geo. B. Christian, wife and daughter Mildred, Mrs. A. H. Kling, V. Kling, Matt. Thompson and wife, Amos Lapham, wife and family, Miss Eyer, Mr. Eyer and Jimmy Thompson and family.

Two Ramblers.

Services as usual tomorrow at Baptist church on East street. Morning text John 17:15, "The purpose of the church in the world;" evening text Mat. 16:22, "The supreme value of the soul." All invited.

A good record: "I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for ten years," says druggist, E. B. Legg, of Vail, Ia., "and have always warranted it and never had a bottle returned. During the past 90 days, have sold twelve dozen, and it has given perfect satisfaction in every instance." It does not dry up a cough; but loosens and relieves it. It will cure a severe cold in less time than any other treatment. 50 cent and $1 bottles for sale by L. H. Flocken, druggist.

The First Symptoms of Death.

Tired feeling, dull headache, pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, feverishness, pimples or sores, are all positive evidence of poisoned blood. No matter how it became poisoned it must be purified to avoid death. Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixir has never failed to remove scrofulous or syphilitic poisons. Sold under positive gaurantee. Sold by H. C. Hoberman & Co. and W. B. Foye.

Report that body of Contractor Lerch, of Canton, had been found was a fake.

Will be Given Away.

Our enterprising druggists, Denison & Co. and Hoberman & Co., who carry the finest stock of drugs, perfumeries, toilet articles, brushes, sponges, etc., are giving away a large number of trial bottles of Dr. Miles' celebrated Restorative Nervine. They guarantee it to cure headache, dizziness, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, the ill effects of spirits, tobacco, coffee, etc. Druggists say it is the greatest seller they ever knew, and is universally satisfactory. They also guarantee Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure in all cases of nervous or organic heart disease, palpitation, pain in side, smothering, etc. Fine book on "Nervous and Heart Diseases" free.

A Live Chess Tournament.

The living chess tournament which was held at St. Leonard's in aid of the funds of the Men's Help society was a curious sight, the floor of Royal Concert hall being for the time converted into a huge chess board, while the gallery was reserved for spectators. The Hon. Reginald Capell and Mr. Shadforth Boger were the players and were well matched, each side scoring a win. As you watched the figures moving over the board you felt as if you were realizing the dream of Alice in her travel to the other side of the looking glass, but the Tudor dresses were certainly more graceful than those worn by Alice's dream friends, and the White Queen did not seem to have lost a single pin, while her Red Majesty moved with a charming smile on her face.

The pawns were played by children, and admirably they acted their parts, though it must have been dull for those who were never moved during the game. Two ushers in court suits fetched the "pieces" that were taken, and when the White Queen was taken prisoner several other white captives came to escort Her Majesty off the board. Among the "pieces" were Lord and Lady Brassey as the Red King and Queen, the Hon. Muriel and the Hon. Marie Brassey as the Red King and Queen's Rooks, the Lady Beatrice Capell as the Red Queen's Bishop, and the Hon. T. Brassey as the Red King's Knight, while on the white side Miss Forbes and Capt. Gaskell were the King and Queen, and Baron von Roemer the Queen's Knight.—London Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

Mr. Kanzler's Strange Affliction.

Mr. Jacob Kanzler, a well known business man of Sandusky, is the victim of a most peculiar affliction which baffles medical skill. Saturday night he retired at the usual hour in full possession of all his faculties. When he awoke he found he could not speak, his vocal organs refusing absolutely to perform their usual functions. Finding that he could not utter a word, he attempted to write what he could not speak, but his hand refused to trace the words upon the paper.

He moves about as usual, having perfect control over his lower limbs and likewise over his hands until he attempts to use the latter to give expression on paper to his thoughts, and then they fail him completely. His mind is as bright and clear apparently as ever. He understands all that is going on about his home and place of business, but lacks the power to express himself in any manner. Mr. Kanzler is about 55 years of age and hale and hearty. His affliction is not paralysis or any kindred ailment. Just what it is, however, is a poser to the medical men who have seen him. It is believed to be the only case ever known.—Cleveland Leader.

Unwilling to Eat with the Jurors.

A good story is told on Deputy Marshal Conway, who is said to be proof against the fears of superstition. He was ordered to take a federal jury to the Denison for tea Friday night, and as he went into the dining room with the twelve men he was conducted to a table that had been specially prepared for the party. The jurors were all seated, but Mr. Conway remained standing. "Sit down, boss," said the head waiter, as he drew out the last chair.

"I think I'll take another table," said the deputy.

"Sit right down, sah; sit right down," insisted the negro: "there's plenty of room."

"Yes, but I can't be the thirteenth man at any meal," and Conway took another seat.

"Does yo' know, sah, I never thought of that?" asked the head waiter in a whisper; "I'd done exactly the same as yo' did."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Typical Case.

A sad story has just come in by canal boat from Cumminsville. A patrolman on one of the outside beats was informed by the passengers on a railroad train that a fight was in progress on the opposite end of his beat. He made a hurried trip to the point indicated, and as soon as he arrived there he asked if any one had heard of a fight. The inhabitants informed him that there had been a murder there some time before, but that the victim had been dead and buried several weeks. The officer then returned with all speed to the point from which he started. Terrible news awaited him. During his absence he had been dismissed from the force for failing to answer calls, and his wife had married again.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Something Pretty.

A sea captain who is exercising his land legs here brings a curio from Punta Arena, Straits of Magellan. It is a fur rug or spread made of guanaco skins, a llama like animal that bears domestication. Ten of the light tan pelts, with their white under fur making the outline, have been skillfully stitched together to resemble a pattern in fur.—San Diego Union.

Thomas W. Phillips, of New Castle, Pa., who has been elected to congress, once lost a fortune of nearly $1,000,000 that he had made in the oil fields of the Keystone State. He has since retrieved his lost fortune, and is again one of the richest of oil producers.

The sale by Mrs. King, of Corpus Christi, the "cattle queen" of Texas, of 15,000 2-year-old steers, is probably the largest single order for cattle ever filled in Texas. The consideration was $82,000. Mrs. King's ranch is worth $900,000.

Edward Lennon, the Irishman who has just died in New York at the age of 105 years, carried a pike in the great Irish rebellion of 1798. He had papers in his possession proving his birth in County Derry, Ireland, in 1785.

The "manna" which fell from the sky in Asia Minor last August and was baked into bread has recently been examined by men of science, and is identified as a lichen, belonging to the family Lecanora esculenta.



WHY DO YOU COUGH?

Do you know that a little cough is a dangerous thing? Are you aware that it often fastens on the lungs and far too often runs into Consumption and ends in Death? People suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption will all tell you that

"IT STARTED WITH A COLD."

Can you afford to neglect it? Can you trifle with so serious a matter? Are you aware that

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for Coughs, Colds and Consumption is beyond question the greatest of all Modern Remedies? It will stop a Cough in one night. It will check a Cold in a day. It will prevent Croup, relieve Asthma and cure Consumption if taken in time. "You can't afford to be without it." A 25 cent bottle may save you $100 in Doctor's bills—may save your life! Ask your druggist for it, or write to W. H. Hooker & Co., 46 West Broadway, New York, for book.

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Beats them all 25 per cent!

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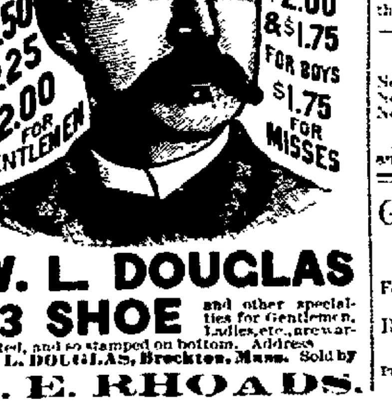
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The Largest Stock!

And has control of Birges' goods. These new, stylish goods are made to match and are 25 per cent. cheaper than old goods, 25 per cent. cheaper than the old goods which are being peddled around town.

If you want Wall Paper and Shades and Frames, go to FREELAND'S Wall Paper store, the most Complete and Elegant line of Wall Paper in Marion. Remnants for a trifle. Contracts taken: So much for Wall Paper put on the wall, or so much a room.

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Local Time Card.

Quick Time! AND THE LOWEST RATES! ERIE RAILWAY

N. Y., P. AND O. DIVISION.

CITY DEPOT.

[In effect Nov. 16th, 1890.]

WEST.		EAST.	
No. 1	9.10 am	No. 12	4:2 am
No. 27	9:10 am	No. 4	11:20 am
No. 5	12.25 pm	No. 38	2:40 pm
No. 3	10:40 pm	No. 8	11:40 pm
		No. 22	8:50 pm

C. AND E. DIVISION.

MARION JUNCTION DEPOT.

DEPART		ARRIVE.	
No. 1	9:25 am	No. 8	11:20 pm
No. 5	12:45 pm	No. 2	5:10 pm
No. 3	11:20 pm	No. 12	4:15 am
No. 33	9:15 am	No. 31	6:40 am

Nos. 2, 30 and 33 have no Erie connection.

BIG FOUR.

(In effect on and after Nov. 23, 1890.)

WEST.		EAST.	
No. 3	10.42 a. m.	No. 10	8:41 a. m.
No. 7	5.36 p. m.	No. 2	5.50 p. m.
No. 9	12.10 a. m.	No. 18	9.52 p. m.
No. 17	5.55 a. m.	No. 8	3.25 a. m.
No. 81, local	7.50 a. m.	No. 80, local	2.30 p. m.
No. 85, *M.Ac	8.30 a. m.	No. 82, *M.Ac	6.00 p. m.

*Marion accommodation; runs no farther west than this city.

C., H. V. AND T.

NORTH.		SOUTH.	
No. 31	6 30 am	No. 30	5.40 a. m.
No. 33	11 25 am	No. 32	9.30 a. m.
No. 35	5 21 pm	No. 34	1.14 p. m.
		No. 36	8.48 p. m.

All trains run Sunday but 34 and 32. Trains 3 and 37 run only between Marion and Columbus.

GRAND PALACE HOTEL

81 to 103 North Clark Street,

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Restaurant by Compagnon, late Chicago Club, Chef.

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DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.

THE INFINITE VARIETY INTO WHICH THIS CLASS IS DIVIDED.

The Selfish Woman—The Pompous Man—The Human Squid—The Fidgety Person—The Counsel for the Opposition—The Dense Person.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

The fact that no two people are alike is one we are all familiar with, but in some moods and under some circumstances we are tempted to wonder that in this infinite variety there is so little that is perfectly satisfactory. Outside your own family, an honest retrospect may induce you to ask yourself how many persons do you know with whom you would like to be locked up in one room for the rest of your life?

You probably shudder at the thought; but why?

Because nearly everybody has some disagreeable trait of character, habits, manners, conversation, looks or health, which does not especially annoy us in the occasional intercourse of social life, but would be intolerable if forced upon our constant attention. Of course we know that we ourselves are no exception to the general rule, and that other people find us just as disagreeable in some ways and at some times as we do them, but I never saw the sense of that theory that we must never perceive the defects of anything or anybody, unless we could do it better or were ourselves perfect.

You, for instance, have not the slightest idea of how Julienne soup is made, but are you not to know if it is ill made? You could not cut your own gown to save your life, but must you not find fault if it does not suit you? And in the same line of argument you may have, for instance, a very bad temper, but does that prevent you from perceiving that your neighbor is coarse or ignorant or dishonest?

On the contrary, I think that one's own faults sharpen one's appreciation of the faults of others and make it harder to endure them.

But apart from faults, how can anybody with eyes and ears and trained perceptions avoid seeing how many persons fail of making things pleasant for others, in fact fail of being agreeable, if they do not become absolutely disagreeable?

Society does not go on harmoniously without constant effort upon the part of the persons making up society, and when through selfishness or laziness or from any other cause a person does not try to be agreeable he generally falls into the other extreme.

We all are selfish. Some philosophers say that selfishness is the salt that preserves the world from corruption and decay, and these cynics go so far as to aver that martyrs and saints, and devotees and Damiens, give their lives to toil and suffering and death in the hope of earning heavenly rewards above their fellows.

If these theories are correct we cannot hope to escape selfishness as the basis of our character, but we can and we ought to avoid those outward manifestations that annoy other people—in fact, we mustn't let our selfishness make us disagreeable.

Probably you have been away from home during the past twelve months, have met a great many strangers, either on steamers or trains, or in hotels and boarding houses, and I am sure you will remember the lady who always secured the most comfortable chair in the drawing room, who managed to be first served at dinner, and, if she had the chance, appropriated the lion's share of the fruit, or the sweetmeats, or the cream. If it was warm she hastened to place herself at the coolest window; if cool she shut up the room as if it were her private bedroom; and in the train, if she fancied an open window, it never occurred to her that she was letting a cold blast upon the person behind who might be quite unable to bear it, or she may have chosen in a stifling day to order all the ventilators closed because the dust would spoil her bonnet.

If a drive were in question she stepped out of the door a little in advance of the party, and, uninvited, climbed to the box seat or took the coziest corner inside. If it was sunny she unfurled a big sun umbrella and held it so that nobody could see the view, and the points pecked like birds of prey at all the eyes in the neighborhood. If a celebrity were of the party she boldly took possession of him and "gobbled" him as if he were a ripe fruit, or she herself posed as the center of attraction and edified the company with accounts of her tastes, travels, acquaintance with great people and details of her private life.

I met several of this kind of disagreeable, both male and female, last summer, but in especial one who, having all sorts of worldly advantages and good looks into the bargain, might have been a most delightful person had not she been so blindly selfish as to make herself thoroughly disagreeable to every one she met.

Another very disagreeable person is the pompous man—he who takes position upon his own, or yours, or a public hearth rug, with his feet apart, his thumbs in his button holes, an insufferable air of self satisfaction upon his face, and tells you that the country is going to the dogs because the president and cabinet are blind to the situation, which he proceeds to expound, with its remedy. It is no matter how deftly you turn the conversation or what topics you introduce; if you speak of pictures he tells you how many he has bought and what long prices he has paid for them; he speaks of [illegible] with toleration and indulgence and [illegible] what good advice he has given to [illegible] present school, and how largely they have profited by it. You try [illegible] turn to the weather, and he tells you that he prophesied yesterday exactly how it would be today, but really the weather makes no difference to him, as he never goes out without his carriage, and his horses have waterproof bonnets and shoes and stockings as [illegible]

You ask [illegible] vately [illegible] they are [illegible] fun [illegible] and what a [illegible] and [illegible]

Perhaps [illegible]

And [illegible] the Human Squid [illegible]

[illegible] "Yes, and I feel the heat very much. Last week I was [illegible] and really was a martyr [illegible]"

Or you say, "[illegible] very ill," and you [illegible]

"Is he? Well, I never cared much about Chicago [illegible] I was at [illegible] I never [illegible] the Chicago [illegible] to [illegible] I was a pretty [illegible]"

The Squid comes in [illegible] day and finds you suffering from [illegible] or from tic [illegible] or some other complaint demanding sympathy [illegible] give.

"Neuralgia? Oh, I [illegible] to have it dreadfully some years ago; the doctor said he never saw any one have it so badly; I was a perfect martyr, and nothing ever relieved it; but then my nervous system is very sensitive, you probably couldn't begin to suffer as I did."

Or still more aggravating is, "Neuralgia? Oh, that's nothing! Nobody ever dies of that, you know. Now, if you had had rheumatism as I had three—no, let me see—three, four, why yes, five summers ago, when we were at the White mountains, I should know how to pity you. I suffered everything, I can assure you, especially one night when my husband had to wring out hot cloths to put to my chest eight hours without once sitting down."

"Rather hard on him," you spitefully suggest, but the Squid only stares.

"Oh, well—of course when I was so sick he couldn't think about that. Well, I won't stay and bother you since you don't feel well. Goodby; I hope your cold will soon be better."

Then there is the Fidgety Person, who never can sit still and be quiet a minute. Perhaps it is a woman, and she can't bear the draft from that window or door, or if you will excuse her, may she lower the window a little so as to have the air from the top, or she can't sit in a low chair, or may she have a hassock; and where is her fan and her vinaigrette. Oh, yes, she has dropped them; and she must throw off her wrap in the house and keep on her scarf; and don't you think the perfume of so many flowers is unwholesome; and she does want you to try taking hot water before your meals, and you must test it with a thermometer; if [illegible] too much trouble she will have some now instead of a glass of wine or tea, and soon.

Or it is a man, and he roams around your rooms like a wild creature in a cage, taking up every book and every ornament, turning it over and asking questions about it and laying it down in another place, pushing the chairs, the easels, the little tables, the footstools out of his way, tipping them over and picking them up again, toying with the tassels of the curtains and cushions until he twists them off or unravels them, and if he does at last subside into a chair, twisting it and himself about until the legs creak and the castors relent; if the chair has lace and ribbons upon its back, it is needless to say that the [illegible] man never rests until he has destroyed their symmetry if not themselves; then his fingers stray to the table, pick up a pearl paper cutter, and in the earnestness of conversation bend it and bend it until when the snap comes it is almost a relief to your expectant nerves, if there is a vase of flowers at hand he pulls them to pieces, and you are lucky if he does not pull over the whole business and deluge your book of water colored sketches with more water than the colors can carry off.

This kind of person may and often does have almost all the good qualities under the sun, but for trying your temper, straining your good manners, upsetting your nervous system, and making you long to become [illegible] solitary confinement commend me to the Fidget.

Then there is the Counsel for the Opposition, the person who always takes the other side from yours upon every subject under the sun, who involves you in your own despite, in a perpetual argument and controversy, until in his society or hers you become either querulous or timely acquiescent, feeling afraid to open your mouth, lest you should be contradicted. Positively I have met people with whom this habit had become so nearly a mania that I don't think they could ever [illegible] themselves. On board ship I once said to a gentleman of this class:

"There is the coast of Ireland! We shall soon be at Queenstown."

"Oh, no! That's not a coast line, but a bank of fog."

"[illegible] just [illegible] was Ireland [illegible] ready [illegible] I would [illegible] be [illegible]"

[illegible]

Y[illegible]

[illegible]

You [illegible] while the rest of the party [illegible] the new [illegible] always persistent.

[illegible] coming way [illegible] "[illegible] the mud."

[illegible] I don't understand [illegible] And your [illegible] did not suit [illegible] I was about to say"— [illegible] Why did [illegible] say that it was all the other [illegible]

And so on until you will tear your hair [illegible] laughing at and [illegible] an allusion [illegible] a day [illegible] or a [illegible] to the Dense [illegible] at a fine and [illegible] the fun of [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] over his head [illegible] feel like a first class [illegible] split your voice and howl with [illegible].

These [illegible] but there are plenty more. There are the [illegible] with [illegible] their [illegible] and after they leave the [illegible] odors of [illegible] not [illegible] of the toilet and [illegible] of them.

[illegible] with a moment's [illegible] and manners [illegible] during the [illegible] most disagreeable to [illegible]. We may then begin to [illegible] what about ourselves has proved most disagreeable to others.

Mrs. Frank Leslie

Paris Styles.

The dinner gown here pictured was recently completed for a countess who is a leader in fashion. This lady is a demi-blonde, and the toilet was made with a special reference to her undecided complexion. The under skirt was made of pink taffetas, over which is a flounce, waist deep, of black Spanish lace. The demi-train over this is lined with pink taffetas and is of corn colored satin. The corsage is of the satin, with drapery and sleeves of black lace over pink, and a small [illegible] standing collar of no particular [illegible], the whole trimmed with bows of pink satin ribbon. At the neck is a small tucker of white crepe lisse. This toilet is quite suitable for dinner, reception or ball, and is very handsome every way.



SPRING PELISSE—DINNER TOILET.

A long wrap is made of black velvet, with hanging sleeves, which are cut to a point and lined with black satin, and finished with a rich passementerie ornament. The deep ruff over the shoulders and down to the waist in front is of the [illegible] embroidered in black silk, in raised pattern, and the same embroidery borders the sleeves and is laid flat down the front. The whole garment reaches [illegible] and is most elegant. The pretty little capote bonnet is of black velvet, with two rows of wax pearl [illegible] and two maize colored plumes, one in front and one in the back.

New [illegible] have narrow folds of [illegible] velvet, with narrow [illegible] wherever possible on dresses for home, and these will also be worn in the street as soon as warmer weather comes.

When Mrs. George Gould Was Young.

Mrs. George Gould is a young lady who [illegible] much foreast of the [illegible] which she fills today. Mrs. Gould was Miss Edith Kingdon, and she [illegible] a talent for the stage. When she was still a child she [illegible] of the great things she was [illegible] the triumphs she was [illegible]. Her parents objected [illegible] and [illegible] her in every [illegible], but fate interposed, and [illegible] the necessity for [illegible] accepted her first [illegible] capacity.

She [illegible] very [illegible] and [illegible] was intelligent and [illegible] very pretty, with [illegible] and sweet [illegible] ability [illegible] and [illegible] to any very [illegible] reason [illegible] few years.

[illegible] when Mr. G[illegible] saw her, and he [illegible] quiet [illegible]

[illegible]

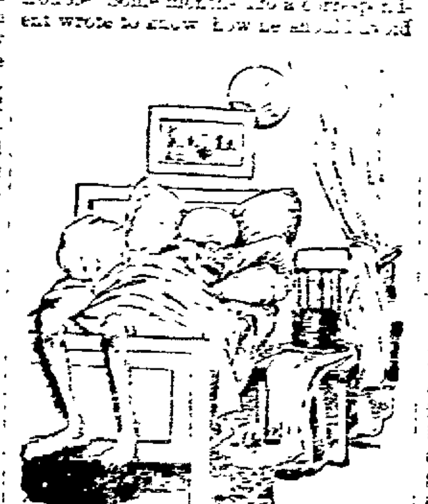
HOW TO AVOID A COLD.

BILL NYE'S ORIGINAL PLAN AND HOW IT WORKED.

Ins and Outs of the Hotel Business—Breakfast in a Gotham Boarding House Delicately Alluded to by One Who Has Been There.

[Copyright by Edgar W. Nye.]

This department [illegible] to state that it has succeeded in getting itself into trouble. Some months ago a correspondent wrote to know how he should avoid



THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

taking cold at night while asleep. He was very restless, he said, and while engaged in slumber so far forgot himself as to kick the clothes off. This bad habit resulted in nothing serious, so far as others were concerned, as the young man is a bachelor, and in kicking off the bedclothes is therefore his own worst enemy.

The writer of these lines, who as a bachelor was also rather a spirited slumberer himself, suffered from cold and exposure in the same way, but finally obtained relief by having made to order a large, fleece lined bag, six feet in length, with a puckering string which could be pulled about the neck after he had inserted himself. This worked so successfully that he volunteered the recipe for the use of the correspondent.

He adopted the plan, and soon was delighted to know that he was no longer annoyed by snuffles in the morning, and so health and consequent joy sparkled in his eye. All went well until last week, when a low, coarse burglar entered the room of this young man. The moon was just in the act of piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds when a middle aged burglar, wearing a heavy growth of bushy, tan colored whiskers, from which one might easily scare a flock of Welsh rabbits, softly raised the window and entered the room.

The regular breathing of Mr. McTige was like the gentle purring of a Maltese cat-o'-nine-tails, and the burglar, though alert, had no fears. Softly he stepped around from one object of vertu to another, now and then pausing perhaps to smell a bottle of bouquet d'Alps and put a little pomatum on his beard.

All went well till the burglar, in picking up Mr. McTige's trousers, awkwardly upended the pockets, and with some racket eighteen cents in money and a bunch of keys fell out on the floor. Then Mr. McTige gave a little start and exclaimed "Oh, mamma!" as he saw in the uncertain light a total stranger. Mr. McTige spoke to the man and asked him what he was doing. That made the burglar mad. No burglar likes to have his motives impugned. So he came up to Mr. McTige, and warmed up the cold muzzle of his weapon in the young man's ear.

Pretty soon, though, he saw how Mr. McTige was accoutered, so he put away his revolver, and with a meaning smile he snatched Mr. McTige from his bed, pulled the puckering string considerably tighter and hung the bag up on the gas jet, so that Wellington McTige looked like a large Christmas present. He did not dare to shriek for fear that his sister, who always tied him into his little bag at night and untied him in the morning, would run to him and get shot.

So while the brutal man about town gathered in all the portable bric-a-brac and means in the house, Mr. McTige hung there as helpless as a trussed fowl and looked directly forward. Oh, it was a sad sight, indeed, and the mental anguish turned one side of his mustache white in the night.

He now writes to this department to ask what was our idea in sending out such a recipe, and wishes also to know if we stand in with the burglar interests of the country. It is hard to try to do good, and then meet with this style of reward. We do not claim to supply burglar proof sleeping bags or designs for same, but we try to do right by one and all, and we shall continue to do so even though contumely and such things as that constitute our only reward.

* * * * *

The following letter comes from a lady of veracity and undoubted respectability. It is written in a spirited style and appeals to one and all. I give it as it is received, with much pleasure. As a rule, general correspondence is more pleasant to give than to receive. So I give it:

Will you explain to me why the New York hotels are [illegible] against all appearances of [illegible] Last evening I [illegible] having missed the train I [illegible] to take.

I applied for a room at the —— house. I was informed they were all engaged. I told that young [illegible] furnish me a room or I would [illegible] on a sofa that stood there [illegible] me a room in a [illegible] way [illegible] while he [illegible] with me. There he told me that [illegible] too respectable asking to stop in [illegible] words to this effect. His exact words were: "We cannot give you a room. If [illegible] with a gentleman it would be [illegible] Then I knew that soft voiced [illegible] the evening air [illegible] though [illegible] seems had I been a [illegible] woman appearing with a man [illegible] room and would have been [illegible] a single woman, unacquainted with New York [illegible] houses and despising New York boarding house breakfasts, was refused accommodation. What is the motive of this rule, and will it be long enforced? Indignantly yours, Dror.

The rules which are used in running hotels have to be rigidly adhered to. I am told, and it is against public morals for unaccompanied ladies to put up at an hotel. That is the reason why so many men, who are tender hearted and noble in every way, go about late at night sometimes hoping that they may be of use in this way to those who are lonely, and need the name of some great strong man upon whom to lean.

I agree with you, madam, regarding such New York boarding house breakfasts as I have been thrown in contact with. The eggs at a New York boarding house I recall now as peculiarly depressing and filled with vain regret. These eggs, as I recall them, were noticeable for their defective [illegible]. They were eggs that had been marked down from the regular price.

And yet you cannot well evade the breakfast of the metropolitan boarding house if you are a transient and a woman. Honestly, I do not think that woman gets a fair shake in this matter. She may be able and willing to go to a first class hotel and eat a good $2 breakfast, but as a stranger she is compelled to put up at a plebeian waffle works, and eat in a breakfast room in which there is a tired looking bed lounge. Now a bed lounge in a breakfast room will cast a gloom over better victuals than we generally find in that neighborhood, and ah, how depressing it is when the hollow chested muffin, leaning on the strong arm of the butter, gives a sad cough and seems to appeal, as does also the feeble coffee, for Professor Lymph Koch to come to its aid!

New York is a very wicked city, lady. It is said to be next to Cheyenne, Wyo., for original and artificial sin. There is no place of its size where it is harder for one to live up to his epitaph than New York. Scarcely a day goes by that somebody does not cut up some deviltry here. Even people of undoubted standing commit indiscretions. It isn't more than a month since a policeman, right here in town, stepped aside from the beaten path; and if a policeman goes astray when every good influence is thrown about him, what may we not expect from the general public? Sin not only of a local and amateur character stalks our streets at noonday, but the imported wickedness, the handiwork of pauper labor, comes in here duty free. Sin, with all the advantages of many fostering and festering centuries, gets off at the barge office here, and begins to compete with the amateur wickedness of New York.

Eternal vigilance is the price of the umbrella, and also the price of success in the hotel business. It is found that certain rules must be established and lived up to in running a hotel or the business will be a failure. That is why I sometimes have difficulty myself in obtaining



THE GRAND BLUFF.

suitable lodgings. If unaccompanied, especially by baggage, it is often hard work for me to get quarters at all in keeping with my position.

For that reason we must submit, though often unwillingly, to the customs, harsh though they be, and content ourselves with the New York boarding house and its extremely æstat. eggs.

Bill Nye

Overstayed His Furlough.

A young soldier had gone to the theatre with a friend. The play dragged and he fell asleep. An hour later he was awakened by the voice of an actor saying:

"We have been here five days."

Our infantryman got up in a fright and said to his friend:

"Ah, mordieu! and I had only leave to stop out till midnight!"—Le Gaulois.

Variety the Spice of Life.

Professor—I see, fraulein, that my remarks on the ancient Romans do not interest you.

His Hostess (politely)—Oh, yes, Herr Professor—go on.

Professor (gently)—No, I shall change the subject. We will now consider the ancient Greeks.—Fliegende Blatter.

And the Big Man Stood No Chance.

Aunt Rachel—Yes, I like him well enough, Jerusha; but how did you ever happen to marry a man a head shorter than you are?

Niece—I had to choose, auntie, between a little man with a big salary and a big man with a little salary.—Chicago Tribune.

Must Be Done.

"Look here, Mr. Scribe, your paper says that my lecture is to be a comic one, and it isn't."

"Then, my dear sir," returned the editor, "you must make it comic. This journal never makes mistakes."—Harper's Bazar.

Owed Him a V.

St. Ar[illegible]—Old Faughet, great man as he was, will never have a statue erected to his memory.

De M[illegible]—Why not?

"He never had a memory."—St. Joseph News.

A FE[illegible]

Bernhardt a A[illegible]

The intell[illegible] growing stout [illegible] attention, and has suggested [illegible] for the [illegible] would make [illegible] Mr. Augustin Daly hasn't had a [illegible] brilliant [illegible] in years. The [illegible] of the play could be fixed up something like this:

[Enter Armand.]

Camille—Armand! You are come, but it is too late.

Armand—Oh, Camille [illegible] death [illegible]

Camille—[illegible] no affair [illegible] Let the [illegible] and forgive my faults.

Armand—[illegible] for me. You cannot [illegible] Honestly, Camille [illegible]

Camille—[illegible] Listen, Camille [illegible] a confirmed [illegible] at me. Am I not robust? [illegible] far from being a consumptive.

[Armand [illegible]]

Camille—[illegible] It will be a souvenir [illegible]

At this point there are several plans which may be taken by the dramatist. Camille may be made a [illegible] advertisement for an anti-fat company, and everybody live happy afterward; she may expire in an apoplectic attack, mangling the curtains with her teeth and raising dust from the furniture amid great applause. Or she might be allowed to go on with the [illegible] until she gets to be fat lady in a dime museum, whither Armand in his devotion follows her as the tattooed man. There are an indefinite number of possible endings, any of which might be made effective by a good hand at adapting.—Washington Post.

He Thanked Him.

A horse attached to a buggy came running down Grand River avenue the other day lickety-cut, and a pedestrian rushed out, seized the trailing lines, and after being flung down and dragged through the mud a hundred feet he brought the animal to a standstill. Then he led it up to a post, picked up the whip and cushions, and had just got everything ship-shape when a fat man, walking very leisurely and smoking a cigar, came along and took possession.

"So it was your horse?" asked the mud covered rescuer.

"Yes—my horse. Got away from my house on Fourth avenue."

"And—and"——

"Oh, I wasn't worried any. I knew that somebody would stop him sooner or later. There's some of that sort always around, you know!"

And as he drove off without another word the philanthropist took off his overcoat, gazed at the ruin wrought, and said to the crowd which had collected:

"I own right up, gentlemen. I'm from Fooltown by the most direct route!"—Detroit Free Press.

Too Late.

It was in a crowded Columbus avenue car that the following laconic conversation occurred, which caused a brisk laugh, although the gentleman in the case had no intention whatever of being "funny." He got up and offered his seat to a lady who was standing.

"Don't rise," said she.

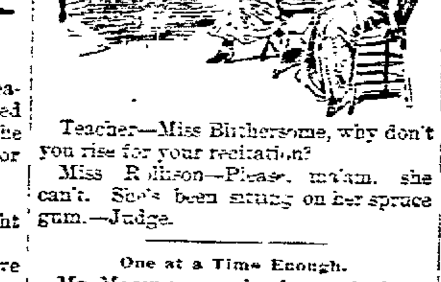
"But I Live," said he.—Boston Times.

Nautical Blood in Her Veins.

"You may sit in the stern of the boat and work the tiller, Miss Gaswell," said the young man as he took the oars, "if you think you can steer."

"I guess that won't be hard to do," responded the proud young heiress. "I have often heard mamma say she crossed the ocean in the steerage."—Chicago Tribune.

Anchored for Keeps.



Teacher—Miss Blithersome, why don't you rise for your recitation?

Miss Robinson—Please, ma'am, she can't. She's been sitting on her spruce gum.—Judge.

One at a Time Enough.

Mr. Macsmiter (to the fair one's sister)—And how old are you, Flossie?

Flossie—Oh, that hasn't been decided yet.

"Not decided yet?"

"No; ma says it'll be time enough when Kate has landed you."—Wave.

Next Thing to It.

"I was very much surprised to hear that you are not the son of Mr. Barrows."

"No. I was left on his doorstep when I was a baby, and he took me in."

"You are a sort of stepson, then?"—Harper's Bazar.

The Dear Girls.

Ethel—Clara went to Europe to get married, did she? I'd like to see the man I'd go to Europe to marry.

Maud—Wouldn't [illegible] Timbuctoo either, I fancy.—New York Herald.

Rewarded at Last.

"I'm catching on!" exclaimed the ambitious young literary chap. "Here's one of my poems printed in a New York paper in the column headed 'A Little Nonsense.'"—Chicago Tribune.

The Season Over.

Cholly (singing)—How can I leave thee?

Ethel (coldly)—The front door is still doing business at the old stand. Try that.—New York Herald.



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SICK

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HEAD

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ACHE

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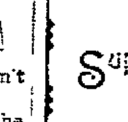
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AN ARMY PORTIA.

By CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "The ...," "From the Ranks," "Dunraven Ranch," "Two Soldiers."

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CHAPTER XI.



Corp. Stein was at their heels.

The week that followed the advent at Fort Ryan of the staff officer from division headquarters was one that the good people of the post have not yet ceased to talk about. Lawler had remained in the garrison only twenty-four hours, and ... eastward without a word as to his intentions, and to the surprise of ... Col. Morris, without having sent for or spoken to the man most interested in the coming—Lieut. Hearn. This in itself was something that excited most ... comment, for it was known that he had had long interviews with Mr. Abrams, the busy representative of the ... and that he had driven in ... and spent some hours in questioning ... citizens ... him one by one at the establishment of Mr. Schonberg. He had ... to the guard house for Trooper Welsh—once again there incarcerated by order of Capt. Cross, who as officer of the day had arrested him for attempting to slip across a sentry's post ... And once again, to the ... of the cavalry officers and the ... of the infantry battalion, Col. Morris had directed Welsh's ... release.

"... understanding, probably, Capt. Cross, ... the colonel in ... the old officer of the day, ... him after guard mount. Welsh was given to understand that ... gentlemen, who had just come from an interview with Col. Lawler, had the authority of the department commander to take him to town ... so as to be ready to make certain depositions early in the morning."

But Cross eyed his commander unflinchingly and said no word.

Among the infantry officers the opinion was openly expressed that between Abrams and Lawler and Trooper Welsh the colonel was simply demoralized. The crowd at dress parade for several evenings was almost as big as that before spoken of, and, though The Palladium man did not again take position on the colonel's left during the ceremony itself, he was frequently at that officer's side when he made his way through the curious throngs both in going to and returning from his post. And afterward, with the eyes of the townspeople upon them, Private Welsh and the unterrified correspondent paced up and down the road in front of the cavalry barracks for half an hour; and the group sitting on Lane's piazza one evening especially could not help noting how ostentatiously the two conversed as they neared the white wicket gate.

"Wharton," quoth Martin, as for the sixth or seventh time the swarthy trooper and his champion approached the captain's quarters, "I'm consumed with envy. The time was when good looking cavalrymen like you and me could command some small attention from the eyes of our friends and fellow citizens in town but our day is done. These are the popular heroes of the hour. Now, here comes Hearn's first sergeant. Surely he's not going to have the unbearable effrontery to remind Trooper Welsh that he ought to be cleaning up for guard tomorrow, when a gentleman of the press wants to talk with him?"

"Is Welsh for guard tomorrow?" asked Capt. Lane, in some surprise.

"He is. The colonel relieved him from durance vile before guard mount this morning, and I heard the first sergeant tell Hearn an hour ago that it was Welsh's turn for guard, and wanted to know whether he was to order him on. Hearn said certainly."

"And the man cut parade to-night on plea that Mr. Abrams wanted to talk with him. He was the 'one private absent reported from C troop,'" said Wharton. "That is the reason the sergeant is after him now, I fancy, either to arrest him or else warn him for guard."

"If I were Hearn I'd quit attempting to ... that young man," said Maj. Kenyon, pessimistic and glowering as ever. "He ought to have sense enough to know that the worst blackguard in the service, with the press behind him, is more than a match for any officer who seeks to do his duty."

"And if I were Hearn," drawled Martin, "I'd make that particular protege of The Palladium do his duty if I died for it, especially after the marked copies that came today. Now watch."

The first sergeant, a trim, soldierly fellow with determined face and manner and quick energetic step, had by this time overtaken the pair, who strolling ... had almost reached the picket fence and were within earshot of the Lanes' piazza. Mrs. Lane glanced eagerly up the road, for Miss Marshall and Lieut. Hearn at that very moment came from the Whartons' quarters next door and appeared upon the gravel walk, Wallace following with Jeannette McCrea.

Sergt. Wren had stopped short on overtaking the trooper, and with scant ceremony addressed him in tones that all could hear:

"Welsh, you're for guard to-morrow, and you've got mighty little time in which to get ready. Did the lieutenant excuse you from parade?"

"I didn't ask him. Col. Lawler was good enough for me."

"Col. Lawler left the post at 5 o'clock and couldn't have wanted you."

"All the same I was acting under his orders and nobody else's. If you want any other authority you can go to Col. Morris; I'm busy now." And with his hands in his pockets and a jerk of the head to his companion, Welsh whirled about and led the way down the road toward the store, Abrams slowly following in his wake, but looking back as though curious to see the sequel. The first sergeant stood an instant flushing and with wrathful eyes, but raised his hand in respectful salute as the young troop commander came quietly along, Miss Marshall leaning on his arm.

"You warned him for guard, sergeant?" said Hearn, answering Wren's salute.

"Yes, sir, and he says Col. Lawler excused him from parade."

"I reported the absence to Col. Morris, and he tells me there may have been some such understanding, sergeant. At all events, as Col. Lawler has gone, he would give Welsh the benefit of the doubt; so we have nothing further to do with that matter."

Wren ground his teeth as he briskly strode back to his quarters.

"What does the loot'nant say?" demanded Duffy, as he with half a dozen of his comrades clustered about the office, eagerly watching the sergeant's face and his clinching hands as he returned.

"Nothing. Don't ask questions now, you men. The lieutenant can't do anything to him: the colonel won't let him."

"The colonel won't, is it?" said Duffy, with a wrathful grin. "Be jabers, if I were colonel I'd command my rigiment, and no damned newspaper man would scare me out of it. It's The Palladium that commands Fort Ryan tonight, and that blackguard Welsh is post adjutant—more shame to us all!"

"Silence, there, Duffy! No more of that talk!" ordered Wren, as he banged to the door of his own little den, and the knot of troopers scattered away. "All the same," muttered he to his faithful second, Sergt. Ross, "Duffy only tells the truth, and damn me if I ever thought the day would come when my old chief would knuckle down like that."

And if in garrison circles that night it was predicted that something would be the outcome of the detail of Welsh for guard duty, no one was destined to disappointment. He appeared at the appointed time, and was curiously scanned by the other members of the troop, as, carbine in hand, he came slowly and indifferently down the stairway just as the trumpets began to sound the assembly of the details. Unluckily for everybody who hoped to see Welsh brought up with a round turn by the snappy young adjutant, a drizzling rain had set in, and undress guard mounting in overcoats was the result. Welsh's forage cap and accouterments might past muster in a shower, but his full dress rig every man knew to be wofully out of shape, and such was the fellow's unpopularity among his comrades by this time that audible regrets were expressed by the men that the weather had "gone back on them."

"Step out, there!" shouted Wren sharply to the dawdling soldier, as he gave the command to fall in.

"Get a move on you, Misther Welsh," laughed Duffy from the upper gallery. "Or don't they ever shtep out in the excellent family down east? Sure, isn't he a fine looking, intelligent young man of 25?"

"Twenty-five? 'Faith, it's thirty-six in months he'd get if I was commanding," muttered Kerrigan. "How are your patriotic motives this morning, Mister American-Blood-with-the-Asshumed-Name?"

"Sure his name is Dennis," laughed Duffy again. "Quit your sneering, Kerrigan. The young soldier's eyes are blazing with pent up feelings again, don't you see?" And indeed a most malignant scowl was that which Welsh launched aloft at his persecutors, whose fun was cut short by the stern voice of Sergt. Ross ordering silence. And in another moment the detail of C troop was dancing away in double time, with a parting adjuration from Duffy not to go too fast: "it's to aisy to set the blood boiling in Welsh's veins, anyhow."

It was in the ugliest possible mood that Welsh tossed up his carbine for the inspection of the officer of the guard. He had expected to pose as a hero and martyr. But whatever might be the mistaken sentiments aroused in the east by the efforts of a paper that had exhausted local well springs of scandal and sensation, here among those who knew the facts, and, above all, knew him, he had gained only ridicule and contempt. In all the garrison, now that Goss was gone, there was not a soldier who had ever stood his friend. In his own troop especially, where the rank and file were devoted to their young lieutenant, there was wrath and indignation at his expense, and well he knew that nothing but discipline saved him from a ducking in the river or a hearty kicking down the barrack stairs. Still, with Abrams to stand by him and The Palladium to champion his cause, he felt secure against fate; only he had thought to be looked upon as liberator and leader among the men, and they were all laughing at him. This was bitter indeed! He almost hoped that the adjutant would order him back, replaced by the supernumerary, for the rust he knew to be about the breech block of his carbine, and which the officer of the guard would be sure to discover. But the young lieutenant contented himself with pointing to it with white gloved finger and passing on, probably thinking it best to get him on duty at any price.

All day long on guard the men had taken frequent occasion to declaim quotations from The Palladium, until by evening stables they had rung the changes on Welsh's excellent family connections, his American blood, his patriotic motives in enlisting, his ardor for the flag and his fidelity to his oath, until he was ready to wish to heaven The Palladium had singled out anybody else to be the martyr for its preconcerted exposition of official tyranny in the army, and heartily sick of the part he had been induced to play.

But where, meantime, was Abrams? The day wore by, and not once had he come to the garrison, and Welsh, sulkily plodding up and down his muddy post near the stables, and knowing well that every time the men looked at him or nudged each other in the ribs they were guying him, had earnest desire to see his champion, and to prevent the publication of other letters they had projected, since the only effect, locally, of the assault upon the good name of his young officer was to bring down the indignation of the enlisted men upon himself. It only made him rage the more spitefully against Hearn, and he longed for an opportunity to vent his spleen.

When the devil is working in the human breast opportunity is seldom lacking. The evening gun had thundered, the last notes of the "retreat" had died away, and the sun, that had been obscured all morning, went down in a golden radiance, leaving a sheen of beautiful color lingering along the crest of the opposite bluffs and reflected in myriad millions of rain drops still clinging to the clumps of buffalo grass. Tempted by the loveliness of the evening Mrs. Lane had ordered out her carriage, and the moment the report had been made after retreat roll call and Mr. Hearn was returning sadly to his own quarters Lane headed him off:

"No. I'm going to take you away from Wallace and Martin to-night, and I don't mean to let old Kenyon get his hands on you again. Mrs. Lane and Miss Marshall want you to drive with us an hour or so; then we'll come back and have a quiet little bite among ourselves." And Hearn pressed the captain's hand and silently thanked him.

Half a dozen of the guard were seated about the rough stone porch of the gloomy old guard house as the carriage came rolling by, and at sight of the occupants they quickly laid aside their pipes and respectfully arose and raised their hands in salute. The sentry on No. 1, facing sharply to the front, brought his rifle to the carry with a snap that made the bayonet ring. The one man who remained seated and staring sulkily at the carriage wore the cavalry uniform; it was Welsh.

Both officers noticed the fact as they touched their caps in acknowledgment of the courtesy of the infantrymen, and exchanged significant glances. The ladies, too, were quick to note what had happened, and they, too, looked at each other and then somewhat anxiously at Hearn. But the carriage whirled along. The instant it had passed Corp. Stein turned on Welsh. So did others of the guard.

"What do you mean by sitting there like that?" was the demand.

"I know my business," was the surly reply. "Just you 'tend to yours. You'd better study tactics and regulations before you try to learn me anything."

"Oh, do let the high spirited scion of our finest families alone, corporal. Can't you see it's turning his stomach to be civil to anybody?" protested a tall infantryman.

"Ah, let up now on Mr. Welsh, ne Mulligan—that's what they called ye in the Twenty-third—wasn't it Mulligan? or was it Sullivan? Sure I know the family, and it's a foine one," protested Private Kelly, his blue eyes twinkling with fun.

Welsh sprang furiously to his feet, clinching his fist and making straight for the laughing little "dough boy." That young Celt, though a head shorter than his dark antagonist, in no wise disconcerted, stood squarely facing him, and awaited the attack with a grin of genuine delight on his freckled face. Stein sprang forward, however, and interposed.

"No fighting here," he ordered. "Wait till you're off guard in the morning and settle it then."

"Don't thwart the gentleman, corporal. Here comes his friend the police reporter," laughed the group of guardsmen. But the unusual chaff had summoned the officer of the guard to the spot, and at sight of the lieutenant every Irishman in the party assumed an instantaneous expression of preternatural innocence. Mr. Abrams, too, had reined up in front of the trader's store, a few yards away, and noting the little knot of soldiers peering across the road divined at once that something was going on, and so, with the instinct of his profession, hastened to the scene in time to catch a part of the colloquy that ensued.

"The corporal tells me the trouble grew out of your refusing to rise and salute when Capt. Lane passed," said the officer of the guard, addressing the stalwart trooper.

Welsh glanced furtively over his shoulder until sure The Palladium man was in range of his voice, and then loudly replied:

"I'm a member of the guard, sir, and the regulations forbid guards paying compliments of any kind after 'retreat,' and I can show you the paragraph."

"You know perfectly well, Welsh, that that applies to the guard collectively when under arms and not to individual members. I want no hair splitting here. See to it that you pay proper courtesy to every officer while you're under my command." And the lieutenant, a young infantryman, with decidedly resolute face, looked squarely into the glowering black eyes of the trooper and then, turning quietly toward his little office, his eye lighted on The Palladium man. For an instant it looked as though he had something to say to him, too; but, struck by a sudden thought, he passed in without another word, and presently the sergeant of the guard appeared in the doorway. There was evident purpose in his coming.

Half an hour later Welsh was standing some twenty yards away, engaged in low toned, eager chat with his civilian friend. The faces of both men were clouded, and every little while the gypsy looking soldier shot an angry glance toward the guard house door. Presently they moved across the road and headed for the open bar at the trader's, wherein the lamps were just beginning to gleam. Before they reached its open portals Corp. Stein was at their heels, and his stern voice ordered Welsh to halt.

"Go back to the guard house, Welsh; it's against orders for a member of the guard to leave it, and you know it as well as I do."

"My relief don't go on post for two hours yet, and this gentleman has business with me. You'd better not interfere with him."

"The gentleman can see you over there. You can't see him here."

Already the sergeant was striding across the road; the lieutenant appeared at the door; a dozen members of the guard were eagerly watching the scene.

Welsh half turned. Mr. Abrams bent and muttered a few words in his ear, but the soldier, after one glance around him, shook his head. Slowly and reluctantly he turned.

"I'll get even with you for this, Stein," he hissed. And then, with shrugging shoulders, the two objects of general interest—the civilian and the enlisted man—slouched back across the road, the eyes of all upon them.

It was at this instant that the rapid whirr of wheels and the click of iron shod hoofs were heard upon the drive, and briskly the Lane marriage came around the turn. Lieut. Lewis stepped out from the doorway. Again the sentry faced the road and carried arms: again the soldiers of the guard arose, and those about the trader's door also faced the roadway; again the white gloved hands were raised in soldierly salute, and one man only turned his back and slouched away. Every soldier within range saw that Welsh was determined to disobey the orders he had just received. In six giant leaps the tall sergeant had reached his side.

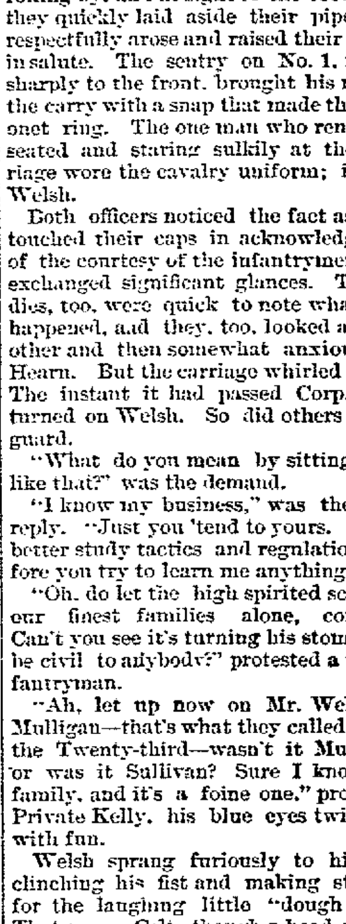
"Halt, Welsh, and face about!" he thundered, and then, as the man still strove to edge away under the wing of his civilian associate, laid a brawny hand upon the hulking shoulder and spun him about as he would a top.

"Heels together, now. Look square at Capt. Lane. Now, then, damn you, left hand, salute."

"Not badly done, sergeant," said Lieut. Lewis a moment after, as with kindling eyes he reached the spot just as the carriage had flashed by. "Finish what you have to say to your friend in fifteen minutes, Welsh, and then report to me at the guard room. Not badly done," he repeated, as he turned away with the tall infantryman by his side; "only you shouldn't have said 'damn' in the presence of ladies or," with a grim smile under his mustache, "or—of the press."

"The ladies couldn't hear, sir, and I meant that the press should. I know that according to 'Pinafore' and The Palladium I should have said, 'if you please.' But mules and blackguards pay no attention to politeness. I've been thirty years a soldier, sir, and I know what fetches them."

CHAPTER XII.



But Mabel and Georgia Marshall met at the parlor door.

There were sore hearts at Ryan in the week that followed. As had long been anticipated, orders came for the summer practice march to the Indian territory, and the Eleventh—band and all—had jogged away, leaving Maj. Kenyon to command the post, with his little battalion of infantry to guard it. The orders were received two days after Welsh's enlivening tour of guard duty. The command was to march in forty-eight hours, equipped for field service, and Lieut. Hearn, with the other troop commanders, occupied every instant in ... his horses and men in ... shape. Kenyon and Lane, after consultation among some of his friends, had induced the young fellow to promise not to open one of the marked copies of the newspapers which now began to crowd in with every mail, but to leave them all to be considered by the little council of three, in whose hands he had been persuaded to rest his case.

He had written a full denial of The Palladium's scandalous statements with regard to his financial entanglements, and a full description, as has already been told, of the original trouble at the trader's store with Private Welsh. These had both been handed to Col. Morris in his office. No one had heard from Lawler. No one knew just exactly what disposition the colonel had made of these papers. Mr. Abrams, too, had disappeared the day after Welsh's tour of guard duty; but the whole garrison now was flooded with newspapers by the hundred. It would seem as if the guild of the western press had resolved on a sudden and simultaneous assault on the army in general, and as if Fort Ryan was the vortex of the storm. Sensational dispatches were published from various quarters. Other journals, envious of The Palladium's exploit, unearthed other victims, long since out of the army for general worthlessness, and with flaming head lines displayed to a sympathizing public the tale of official abuse and tyranny which had compelled these several gallant and patriotic sons of America to quit the service they were so well fitted to adorn.

Dozens of tramps and tatterdemalions reaped sudden and unexpected harvest of eleemosynary quarters and lunches from gaping audiences in the beer saloons by detailing individual experiences of their own when serving under Lieut. This or That in the Eleventh horse or the Thirty-third foot. Dozens of Munchausens wore the reporters' pencils down to the wood with details of their harrowing sufferings. Then the editorials began, and gravely lectured the people on the wrongs of the whole system—the unrepublican character of an army anyhow, the repugnance in the American mind to all idea of discipline. Meantime of course The Palladium was firing hot shot by the ton, and new so called scandals at Ryan, fresh outrages on the helpless and downtrodden soldiery were the subjects of Mr. Abram's lurid delineations, until it was to be wondered at that in their wrath the offended public did not wipe the foul blot on their civilization from the face of the earth.

It was on Friday evening that in answer to certain dispatches he had been firing at department headquarters, Col. Morris received a message that at least put him out of uncertainty. That day The Palladium had outdone itself, and no one not conversant with the illimitable faculties of the paid correspondent can begin to imagine the heroic size attained in its columns by the incident briefly sketched in the last chapter: "Continued Persecution of Trooper Welsh! Heaped Up Humiliations on His Head! Forced to Show Slavish Homage to His Insulter! Helpless Wrath of Comrades!" etc. The details of the incident, as told by the special correspondent, lost nothing of sensationalism, and Lieut. Lewis came in now for his share of obloquy. Poor Welsh was represented as having been marched out, and with brutal curses compelled to salute Lieut. Hearn, despite the fact that he, as member of the guard, was by law and regulations exempted from the requirement. "In vain did the young soldier plead that paragraph 391 of the regulations fully excused him. His relentless persecutors defied the laws of congress, and compelled him to 'stand and deliver' for the purpose of adding to the indignities already heaped upon him. Could the readers of The Palladium have heard the low, deep mutterings of the men in the garrison this night no mutiny on their part need have surprised them."

The editor, too, backed up his correspondent in a three-quarter column assault on the ridiculous etiquette of the army. "It may be," he said, "all well enough in the conscripted camps of Europe, where whole nations are forced to service under arms, to exact of the rank and file this slavish exhibition to superiors, but it is an insult to the high intelligence of the soldiers of free America that because a beardless boy happens to have a strap upon his shoulder thousands of scarred veterans should be compelled to do him homage. The whole idea of the salute is repugnant to the republican mind and should be abolished; and for that matter, as we have no further use for an army, why stop at the salute?"

No doubt the ninety-and-nine of The Palladium's readers thought their editor was sound, and were as opposed to the idea of that courtesy which is officially declared to be "indispensable among military men," as to any exhibition thereof in the streets of their own peaceful and remarkably well regulated metropolis.

But Col. Morris was himself wofully perturbed about this time. After immolating Cross and other officers by name, as was to be expected, The Palladium man had taken to poking ugly little insinuations at the post commander, and this, thought Morris, was the height of ingratitude. He was in no pleasant mood when the men came marching up from stables, and it stung him to see how cordial everybody was to Hearn, who, confound it! was the cause of the whole row. The telegram he had just received settled that matter once and for all; yet he was glad he had an adjutant on whom to devolve the coming duty.

Ever since Hearn's trouble began Captain and Mrs. Lane had lost no opportunity to make him understand that they were devotedly his friends, and that if he would but come to them in his sense of utter wrong the shelter of their home, the welcome of their fireside, would be some compensation at least for the harsh treatment accorded to him by the world at large. Thanks to the efforts of the west... a ... or more of free people had learned to look upon his name as the synonym for all that was swaggering, brutal, drunken and bullying; and it was easy to see that the young soldier was cut to the heart.

But an unexpected ally had been discovered. Hearn, who had at first held aloof in solitude, brooding over his troubles, began to show decided readiness to come. And though at all times grateful and most attentive to Mrs. Lane, that clear sighted young matron speedily noted how his handsome blue eyes would wander about in search of her quietly observant friend, and that ever since the night of her tilt with Lawler Miss Marshall's interest in the case had been quadrupled. Now, this was not exactly what Mrs. Lane had planned. She wanted Georgia to marry in the army, but she also wanted, and saw nothing in the least unreasonable in so wanting, to select that spirited young woman's husband for her. She did not for a moment think that there was any danger of Georgia's falling in love with Hearn.

He was several years her senior, to be sure; he was handsome, distinguished as a soldier, a man of unimpeachable character as modern men go; but, she argued, "he is so much younger for his years than Georgia for hers." She had had to think so much for herself, and now the man she should marry was—well, not crabbed old Maj. Kenyon, of course; he was a widower—sour and yet susceptible. It was only too plain that he loved to come to the house and talk with Miss Marshall by the hour, especially when the cavalrymen were all down at stables. Neither did she want the doctor, whom Jeannette McCrea could have if she would only make up her mind to drop ... Wallace, who was now so devoted that the yearning medical man had no chance whatever. No, she didn't see, after all, just the right man for Georgia; still she had always thought of some one so much older, utterly ignoring the fact that when left to themselves most women have very different views of their own. Not a word had she uttered to Georgia, of course, but to her loving and indulgent spouse she had gone so far as to say:

"It is lovely to see how he is beginning to find comfort in her society; but, Fred"— And here she breaks off, irresolute, yet suggestive.

"But, Mabel"— responds her gray eyed lord with ... equal to her own.

"Just suppose"— And then another pause on her part.

"Just suppose what, Mrs. Lane—that it should snow before September?"

"Now, Fred, you know, or else you haven't any eyes for"——

"I haven't—except for one," says Lane, parrying the situation with the very words he knows will most delight her.

"You absurd boy!" But she comes fluttering across the room to reward him as he deserves. "What I mean is, Georgia might get to think of him."

"Well, everybody is thinking of him just now, and in the light of such a catastrophe I suppose I'd have to make him think of her."

"He does now; and if he doesn't—you can't make people fall in love, can you?"

"Agreed, Mrs. Wisehead. Neither can you prevent it, can you? I know I couldn't stop a fellow from falling in love with you some few years ago, hard as I tried. The more I tried to put you away, the more you kept coming into that fellow's empty head." (Here Capt. Lane is rewarded again, and as soon as able to speak resumes.) "So why worry now?"

"Well, I'm not worrying exactly, only"——

"Only what? Every man can't have a wife like mine. Still, wouldn't she make rather a good one?"

"Good? Goodness! But the question is to find the right man. However, I know what you mean, Fred. Don't interfere; so I won't. And there they are chatting in the parlor, yet, and it's time for him to get ready for parade— Why, here's Mr. Mason!" And Mrs. Lane, who had slipped into the dining room, caught sight of the adjutant at the front door.

"What is it, Mason?" asked Lane, a sudden trouble in his eyes, as he hurried through the hall.

"The colonel wishes Mr. Wharton to assume command of C troop temporarily. I'm ordered to place Hearn in arrest," was the answer, in tones that trembled a little despite Mason's efforts at impassibility.

Lane's hand was extended as though to close the parlor door, which stood ajar, but he was too late. The clink of the scabbard without had already been heard, and almost at the instant Hearn stepped forth into the hall.

"You won't have far to look, old fellow. Here I am."

"My heaven, Hearn! I thought to find you over home, or I would never have come here on such an errand."

"Never mind; I am with you. Good-by, captain; say good afternoon to—to the ladies for me."

"By Jove! I'm going over with you," said Lane, snatching a forage cap and springing down the steps. He did not want to encounter the questioning eyes within.

But Mabel and Georgia Marshall met at the parlor door.

"Have you heard—do you know?" was the faltering question of the former.

"Hear! Know! Who could help hearing? Is it not an outrage?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Effect of a Thaw.



The workman and the dynamite cartridge.



The dynamite cartridge and the workman.
—New York Herald.

Would Stay with Her.

... I believe you would be tr...

... —Oh, do you ...?

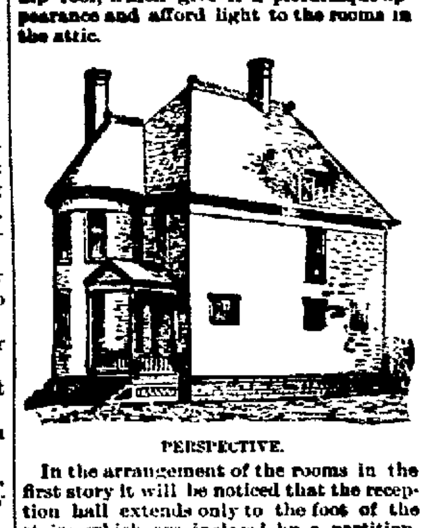
... —Yes. You would never leave her.—New York Herald.

A $2,000 DWELLING.

It Is Simple, Convenient and of Attractive Appearance.

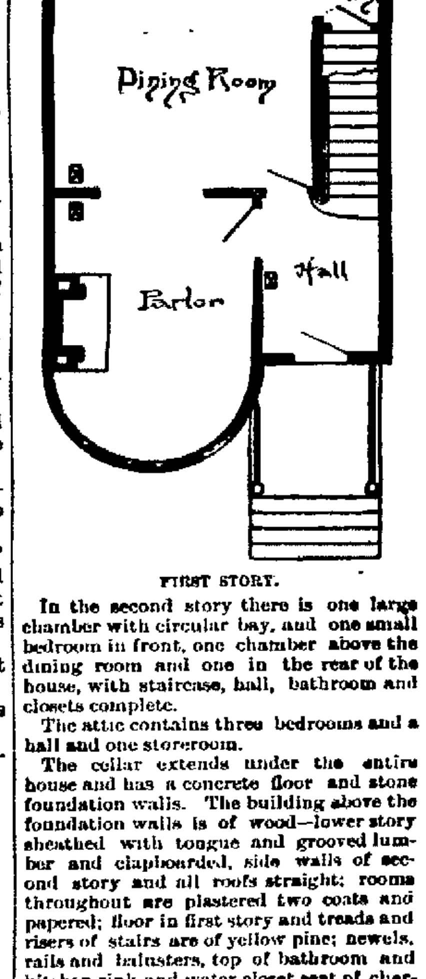
[Copyright by American Press Association.]

The cottage here illustrated was designed and erected to meet the requirements of a small family of moderate means living in a city. It was built upon a lot of 25 foot frontage. The building is 20 feet in width, with a depth of 43 feet. The front is broken by a large circular tower and a pretty gabled porch over the main entrance. There are dormer windows in the hip roof, which give it a picturesque appearance and afford light to the rooms in the attic.



PERSPECTIVE.

In the arrangement of the rooms in the first story it will be noticed that the reception hall extends only to the foot of the stairs, which are inclosed by a partition. The conventional long, narrow hallway so common in narrow houses is omitted, and the extra space is given to the dining room, increasing its width by some 3½ feet. This adds upward of 50 feet of floor space which would otherwise be wasted. Other advantages are derived by this arrangement. The chimney and fireplace are placed on the side in the middle, giving abundant space for the pantry on the left, with a good sized china closet and a back hallway leading to the kitchen and the cellar stairs, with a store room for the kitchen back of the pantry. The parlor is separated from the dining room by heavy portieres, has a circular bay window in front and an open fireplace on one side.

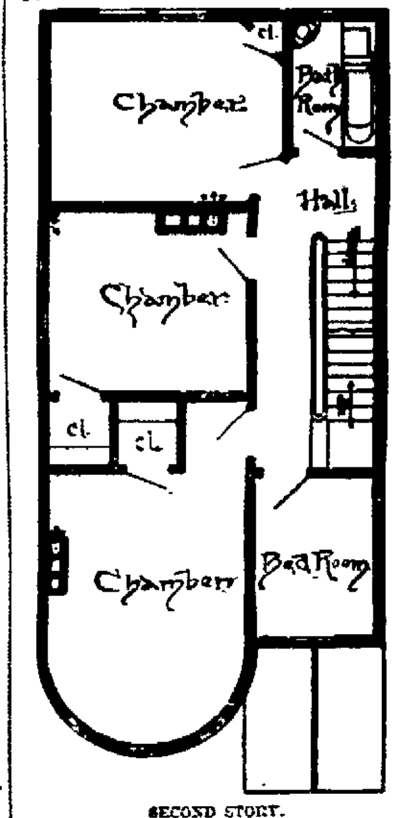


FIRST STORY.

In the second story there is one large chamber with circular bay, and one small bedroom in front, one chamber above the dining room and one in the rear of the house, with staircase, hall, bathroom and closets complete.

The attic contains three bedrooms and a hall and one storeroom.

The cellar extends under the entire house and has a concrete floor and stone foundation walls. The building above the foundation walls is of wood—lower story sheathed with tongue and grooved lumber and clapboarded, side walls of second story and all roofs straight; rooms throughout are plastered two coats and papered; floor in first story and treads and risers of stairs are of yellow pine; newels, rails and balusters, top of bathroom and kitchen sink and water closet seat of cherry; all other inside woodwork of white



SECOND STORY.

pine painted two coats and varnished; plumbing of good quality, bronzed hardware for first story, japanned in the second story and attic—the whole building built complete for $2,000.

This is a very popular plan, having been duplicated many times. D. W. King.

NewspaperARCHIVE®
NewspaperARCHIVE®

NEW ARRIVAL OF

CARPETS.

HARTFORD and Lowell Three Plys, Hartford, Lowell, Reed, Putnum and Riverdale Extra Supers in exquisite new shades and patterns. Moquette, Velvets, Body and Tapestry Brussels, Rag and wool fillings, extra supers. China matting, oil cloth, linoleum, hassocks, super mattings—all widths. Kensington art squares and a large assortment of high art Smyrna rugs at bottom prices. Early selections secures best patterns.

D. YAKE.

COAL!

AT LOW PRICES —AT— L. B. GURLEY'S. OFFICE, NORTH OF JAIL. TELEPHONE, NO. 67.

GET THE BEST Hard or Soft COAL

Linsley & Lawrence West Street, Between Railroads.

FOR RENT—Nice furnished room over Thew's grocery, south Main street. Inquire at front part, over Thew's 85tf.

FOR RENT—Furnished or unfurnished rooms, opposite postoffice. Enquire at Marion Bazar. 74-tf

FOR RENT—A new house of six rooms. $8 per month, on south West street. Inquire of Mrs. Freas. 80-13 eod

FOR RENT—A house on East street, Marion. Inquire of Mrs. B. R. McGuire, 232 18th street, Columbus, O., or Mrs. S. P. Gregg, Marion, O. 82-t6

FOR RENT—Dwelling house on east South street. $8.33 per month. Inquire of Geo. D. Copeland, over Marion County Bank. 60tf.

FOR RENT—House of 9 rooms, corner of South and West streets; private family preferred; rent from $15 to $16. Inquire at residence or Mrs. Patten's boarding house. 83 6.

FOR RENT—A good house of seven rooms, with all conveniences. For rent either March 1st or April 1st. Enquire of Mrs. E. S. Bull, 292 south East street. Also furnished rooms for rent. 79-tf

FOR SALE OR TRADE—One good family horse. Will sell cheap. Inquire of M. B. Dickerson. 84t6

FOR SALE—My house and lot, east Center street, large lot, a desirable location. Nine lots between Uhler avenue and Baker street, facing South. These lots are 66x200 feet. Also house and lot at Prospect, Ohio. [75tfaw] JOHN F. UHLER.

FOR SALE—Very desirable residence on west South street, east of and near the corner of Orchard street. For further particulars see
82tf D. B. MORRILL.

WANTED—A man with some experience in the grocery business, who can speak German; must come well recommended. 85tf J. G. LEFFLER, Grocer.

WANTED—House and lot—Any one having a house and lot for sale and would take a lot in Cardington, O., as part payment and the remainder in money, can find purchaser by addressing lock box 5 4 city. B.

$75.00 TO $250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities.
B. F. JOHNSON & Co.,
2600 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

Cunningham, the plumber.

See H. N. Love for fire insurance.

Jewel dress trimmings at Seffners'.

Creamery butter at Moore & Dedrick's. 84-t2

For sale, real estate in all parts of the city by I. L. Kellogg.

Solid gold rings, watches and chains sold cheap by Stickle & Kellogg.

Have you tried our bread.
S313 J. W. THEW.

Just received, some of our nobby spring jackets. [1t] SEFFNER BROS.

Look elsewhere for D. M. Odaffer & Co.'s special offer on perfumes. [S314

Jewelry sold very cheap by Stickle and Kellogg's, 2d door west of postoffice.

Miniature pots with an attractive outfit make dainty Tiddledy Winks, at Wiant's. Sleodawk

Flowering plants from Blake's garden always on sale at L. E. Rupp's, next to postoffice. t8-m.wastf.

Ladies, don't fail to see our beautiful line of American serges. Only 12½c a yard. SEFFNER BROS.

Nick Herr spent Friday at Upper Sandusky.

Prof. F. W. Stoll, of Green Camp, was in the city to-day on business.

For new goods and low prices go to Gracely & Manz, Union block. 84t2

Ladies, call and see our new dress trimmings. SEFFNER BROS.

A good stock of gold pens to be sold very cheap by Stickle & Kellogg's. 82tf.

The Athletic Club will meet Monday evening to elect officers to serve until Dec. 1, 1891.

Remember that our special sale of perfumes only continues during four business days. D. M. ODAFFER & Co.

Just received, a choice selection of new dress trimmings in black, steel and fancy colors. SEFFNER BROS.

Children's carriages by the car load at Magruder's Novelty Saddle Works. Fine variety and prices satisfactory. t6

For sale, a nubmer of cheap properties on easy payment, in any location desired. See I. L. Kellogg at the jewelry store.

A. Mordicia, general roadmaster of the Erie system, was in the city Friday, looking after the interests of his company here.

The iron bridges on the C. and E. are nearing completion. The stone work is about finished and the iron work is rapidly being completed.

B. Tristram left Friday for Tennessee to remain a week. Mrs. Tristram will spend the week of his absence at the Girls' Industrial Home at Delaware.

Ladies' fine cloth jackets in medium weights and correct styles, just the garment for early spring wear, can be bought very cheap at Seffner Bros.'

Groceries at association or non-association prices. Pay your money and take your choice.
84-t2 MOORE & DEDRICK.

March magazines, Arena, Scribner, Lippincott, Harper, Ladies Home Journal, Peterson, Cosmopolitan, Popular Science Monthly, Atlantic, and others at Wiant's.

S. E. DeWolfe desires to return his sincere thanks to the goodly number of his customers who so promptly responded to his invitation for settlement, and to call the attention of others indebted to him, that he is still in want of what they owe him in order to meet his obligations. 75t11.

Haven't you often wished for a substitute for that good, sweet, home-made bread that you work so hard to make? The enterprise of the Cleveland Baking Co. has made it possible for us to supply you daily with fresh bread, whose sweetness and flavor will surely please you. [S313] J. W. THEW.

LaRue News: Mrs. John Oston and little son, of Marion, are spending the week at the home of Mr and Mrs Wm. Postle, of this place.—Stephen Neu, an old and respected citizen of this place, has rented his property to I. B. Mapes and Mayor Mitchell and moved to Marion last week, to live with his son-in-law, Frank Worley, who is in business there.

The game of pole between the Kentons and Muncies resulted in a score of ten to nothing in favor of Muncie. The Kentons have been trying to break the Royal Kid team's record for four years, but failed, although they had at least three good players with them, and they were Marion boys. They will play again tonight and try at least to be "in it."

D. A. FRANK & CO.

SPRING OF 1891.

OUR FAST BLACK AND COLORED SILKS. We have all the new, soft weaves, every yard guaranteed not to cut. All wool Rhadames at 65 cents per yard. An all-silk Armurer, in a very fair quality, at 65 cents per yard. Our better goods are just the kind that every lover of Fine Black Silks admire. A large line of Checks, Plaids, Home-spuns and Serges at 48 cents per yard. Trimmings this season are in Tinsel, Silver and Iridescent.

The only way to buy Kid Gloves is to have them FITTED TO THE HAND.

D. A. FRANK & CO.'S,

White Front, Masonic Block

Harry Freeland, of Green Camp, was transacting business in this place Friday evening

Mrs. A. J. Wiant left this morning for Urbana, to make a few days' visit with relatives and friends.

Miss Virginia Rhett leaves on Monday for Bay City, Mich., to visit friends and relatives for a short time.

There will be preaching at the U. B. church Sunday morning and evening, by the pastor, Rev. E. Barnard.

Miss Mary Carr has returned to her home in this city, after a few weeks' visit with relatives and friends in Richmond.

Through the agency of Dr. Hensley, John J. Darry has been granted a pension of $8 per month, under the act of June 27, 1890.

A good attendance of teachers were present at the meeting at City Hall this afternoon. A report of the proceedings will be forthcoming.

Galion Inquirer: Marion's school-ma'ams took a trip to Toledo last Friday, and all the Maumee frogs croaked, "Thirty old maids from school are we."

The remains of Mrs Dimmie Monnett McClinton were taken from the vault Friday afternoon and buried. The burial did not occur as announced previously because of the desire of the parents to keep her as long as possible.

Robert Carey, Judge E. D. Clayton and W. F. Poole, of Upper Sandusky, were in the city Friday, coming down especially to see P. O. Sharpless's fine young stallion, Sulfonal. This fine young animal is the subject of much admiration, and the Upper Sandusky party was enthusiastic in praising his good points.

Jim Winkfield, familiarly Shiney Eye, who was indicted by the grand jury at its recent sitting for carrying concealed weapons, has been apprehended and placed under $100 bonds, which have been furnished to secure his appearance before the court of common pleas. Jim charges his indictment to the coons who are jealous of his "'sociation wif white folk."

The Irving and Longfellow societies course has made a financial success of their entertainments, the first of the kind that has done as much in this place for some time. This success suggests the feasibility of organizing a lecture association here. Other towns have been able to conduct such associations successfully, and there appears no reason why Marion could not do as much. Why not organize.

Charles D. Fields, brother of Belle Mackley, the recently murdered woman, came up from his home in Columbus Friday. He was here to look after the personal effects and trinkets belonging to his sister. While here he visited Makley at the jail to secure his signature to an order for the rings, etc., now in possession of the probate judge Makley refused to sign the order, stating confidently that when he got out of his trouble he would look after the mat-ter himself.

An Umbrella Fake.

The latest umbrella fake of which we have heard, and one that didn't result satisfactorily to the fakir, happened the other evening. The fellow, who has a sort of easy-going, help-my-self way about him, was walking past the East street Baptist church during services, with a companion. It was raining, and when reaching the church he remarked that he would just step into the vestibule and get an umbrella. Accordingly he walked in, selected the best one he could find and proceeded on home. There was one lady who had to go home in the rain that night, when she reported her loss to her husband. It so happened that the husband had been the companion of the fellow who stole the umbrella, and the matter of tracing it up was not in the least difficult.

Another Fast Freight Run.
[Huntington Democrat.]

Engineer Homer Bennett, with engine 18, made a run yesterday morning, which up to date is the best ever made on the C. and E. and he is therefore entitled to the belt. He pulled 20 loaded cars from Huntington, Ind., to Marion, O., a distance of 127 miles, in 4 hours and 50 minutes, including delays at various points. The delays aggregated 45 minutes, and this deducted makes the actual running time 3 hours and 55 minutes. Mr. Bennett had no thought of breaking any record when he made the run and he is perfectly willing to give up the belt when any one beats this time, which it is not very likely will be soon.

Special Sale of Perfumes.

Beginning Feb. 27 and continuing up to and including March 31, we will sell you your choice of our bulk perfumes at 25c per ounce, regular price 50c and 75c. Not less than one ounce to one purchaser. We do this to reduce our stock. D. M. ODAFFER & Co.

Entitled to the Best.

All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

Y. M. U. G. W.

The Young Men's Union Gospel Workers will hold a meeting at the Evangelical church on east South street, Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. All young men are invited.
D. M. P., Sec.

At the Christian Church.

[illegible] tomorrow [illegible] "[illegible] Power of God." at [illegible] p. m. "The Death of the Soul." All cordially invited.

Royal Arcanum Social Session

The social session held Friday night by the Royal Arcanum, at its beautiful rooms in the McMurray block, was a grand success, about forty members and their ladies being present. Regent M. B. Chase, in his welcoming address, gave the guests notice that no formality would be tolerated, so the first part of the evening was given up to social enjoyment, music recitations, tiddledy winks, etc.

Then a most delightful supper was served, after which the following toasts were responded to: "Our Order," Prof. Nelson, Delaware; "Our Medical Examiners," Dr. F. W. Thomas; "Our City," Hon. J. S. Dudley; "Our Social Features," H. Linsley; "Want to Join," Mr. S. E. DeWolfe, "Our Ladies," T. Earnest; "Our Music," H. Ackerman. The floor was then cleared for dancing and several enjoyed tripping to the sweet notes of the "orchestra," and it was midnight before the members gathered about the altar, and sang the beautiful closing ode of the order in a manner that showed those present how dear the Royal Arcanum is to the hearts of the members. Credit of the affair is due to the unceasing and untiring efforts of Bros. Crow and Raffensperger.

Rewarded his Rescuer.
[Galion Inquirer.]

Big Four Fireman Charley Mitchell is wearing a new suit, the result of an interesting episode at Marion several weeks ago. Seth Johnson is a traveling salesman for a Columbus cigar house. In attempting to board a moving train at Marion, Johnson was thrown under the car. Mitchell saw the accident and pulled Johnson from under the car just in time to avoid being crushed by the rear trucks, and then Johnson fainted. When he revived, Mitchell had been called to his engine, but others were there caring for Johnson who asked the name of his rescuer. A few days later Johnson sent Mitchell word that he wanted to remunerate him, and so insisted that he called on the latter in this city and prevailed upon him to accept an order for a new suit of clothes. Johnson was married to a Prospect young lady just a few days before the accident referred to and he was doubly thankful to his rescuer for saving his life.

Tacoma, Seattle, Portland.

The three leading cities of Washington and Oregon are but striking examples of the the great development and prosperity of the entire Pacific Northwest. Montana is also experiencing wonderful growth. The quickest and best route to that section is via Chicago and St. Paul, over the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City railway, noted for its fast time and elegant service. Rates and full information can be obtained of J. A. GRANGER,
Ohio Pass. Agent, 23 Clinton Bld'g,
saw6716 Columbus, O.

New Line to Kansas City.

Beginning Feb'y 1st, the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City R'y inaugurated their new Kansas City line, by putting on two through trains daily, one leaving Chicago at 8:30 a. m., and the second train leaving at 6 p. m. The route passes through Dubuque, Des Moines, St. Joseph and Leavenworth. They have also added a new morning train from Chicago to St. Paul, this making three through trains each way between these points. saw6716.

For Rent.

Office rooms in Board of Trade building, 124 north Main street. Call on Board of Trade. 84-t2

SYRUP of FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

LEGAL NOTICE.

TRUE UNCAPHER Plaintiff, against MYRTLE E. UNCAPHER Defendant.

THE defendant, Myrtle E. Uncapher, whose place of residence is unknown, will take notice that on the 24th day of January, A. D. 1891, the plaintiff, True Uncapher, filed his petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Marion County, Ohio, praying a divorce from the said Myrtle E. Uncapher, on the grounds of gross neglect of marital duties and [illegible], and that said cause will be for hearing on and after the 23d day of March, A. D. 1891.
TRUE UNCAPHER Plaintiff.
By CHAS. F. GARBERSON His Attorney

C. & C.

Carpets

—AND—

Curtains!

Moquettes, Velvets, Body Brussels, Tapestry Brussels, Three-Ply Ingrains, Lowell and Hartford Two-Plies, Cotton-Warp Extra Supers, Jute and Hemp Carpets.

KILMARNOCK, our own special brand of heavy-weight Ingrains, superior to three-ply carpets.

We have Borders for all of the fine carpets, carry the goods in stock and can match them up and show you exactly how they look.

We have in our carpet room the most complete line of Carpets and Curtains in this part of Ohio.

Lace Curtains, Portiers, Shades, etc., Dotted Swisses and Pongee Draperies in great variety.

We have the exclusive sale in Marion of a new Curtain Wire, a neat and novel device for holding sash or sliding curtains.

Warner & Edwards

MUSIC HALL!

J. B. SARGENT, - - MANAGER.

ONE SOLID WEEK,

COMMENCING

MONDAY, MARCH 2D,

WITH SATURDAY MATINEE.

First appearance in Marion of the Popular Dramatic Artists, the

MELVILLE SISTERS,

And their powerful company of players, under the management of

SAMUEL M. YOUNG,

Producing on Monday evening Bartley Campbell's great play

THE GALLEY SLAVE!

ELEGANT COSTUMES.
SPECIAL SCENERY.
CALCIUM LIGHTS.

Change of Play Nightly!

Children under ten years,	-	10c
Back Seats,	-	20c
Reserved Seats,	-	30c

For sale at Tristram & Young's.

DECORATIVE GOODS!

New Japanese Goods,
New Bamboo Goods,
New Mouldings,
New Statuary,
New Art Goods,
New Stamped Linens
New Etchings and Engravings,

All kinds of Needle Art Work started or done to order by Miss Sherbrooke, of Columbus, O. All at reasonable prices at

LANDON'S

West Center Street,
Fisher Block.

A PERMANENT SUCCESS

Must have positive merit. Then try a pair of

STOLL'S SOLID, SERVICEABLE SHOES,

—AT—

J. H. STOLL'S,

South Main St., sign of Big Red Boot.

ADVERTISE IN THE STAR,
THE MOST WIDELY
READ PAPER IN COUNTY.

WHAT

A Policy in the Union Central Life Insurance Company Will Do.

Carry Comfort to Sorrowing Homes.

Drive Want from the Doors of Widows and Orphans.

Educate Your Children.

Give Confidence to the Bread Winner.

Administer Mercies to its Oftimes Bereaved and Needy Beneficiaries.

Give You Peace of Mind.

Guarantee Protection to Your Loved Ones.

Afford Protection from an Unfeeling World.

Furnish a Shield for Helpless Children, Dependent Womanhood and old Age.

It is at once Philanthropic and Beneficent in its character and Universal in its Application.

Protect Your Business Interests.

Provides for the "Sere and Yellow Leaf" of Your Existence.

Teaches Economy and Industry.

Provides for the "Rainy Days" which come only too often to those whose skies are often brightest.

Furnish a Sure Safeguard against sudden calamities.

Covers Shrinkage in the Settlement of Your Estate.

It's as Necessary to Your Estate as Religion is to Your Soul.

Will Prolong and Make Your Life Happier.

The Greatest Enemy of Peace in Uncertainty—Nothing Helps to Dispel Uncertainty More Surely than a Policy in the UNION CENTRAL.

Do You Carry Any "Life Insurance?" If not why not?

You carry Insurance on all your buildings, yet you and not your buildings make the living for your family, and although an Insurance Policy will not take a true husband or father's place in the family, yet it will buy bread and butter and pay doctor bills, and if you live to end of Endowment period then you get your own money and it will help you down life's pathway.

Don't put off taking SOME INSURANCE, at least, for "today" you can, tomorrow you may not be able to, however much you may want it

SMITH & CARSON, Agents,

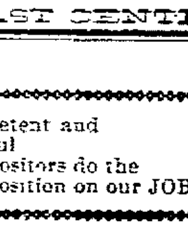
32tf MARION, OHIO.

WHAT DO THE COOKS SAY?

We assert that every cook in Marion could equal the instructress of the late Marion Cooking School if she were provided with the same material, STOVE, fuel utensils, brains and ingenuity. Who dares deny that Marion ladies are not possessed of the requisite amount of brains and ability? Marion markets can furnish the material. The Marion Gas Co. the fuel and Cunningham & Stowe (226 East Center Street) can furnish the only gas stove manufactured that will, with the same care and attention, equal gasoline.

THE VAN WIE GAS STOVE!

Used by Mrs. Ewing during her course of lessons in Marion will be sold to the first first comer at cost. Don't all come at once.



The ladies who failed to witness the stove in operation can examine it at leisure and at the same time witness the elegant display of

Sanitary Specialties and Gas Fixtures, at

CUNNINGHAM & STOWE'S,

226 EAST CENTER ST.

Competent and Careful Compositors do the Composition on our JOB WORK.

FOR SALE—Lot of 46 feet front, house of 9 rooms, good barn, fruit and shade trees, handy for business—just opposite T. Breen's residence, north Main St.; cheap.
142—Lot 60 feet front 155 deep, on Canal street, near Creamery, $500.
138—Lot in West Marion, east of C., H. V. and T R'y. 74 feet front, $400.
160—104 feet front on Cherry street, with 3-room house, $1200. 1-3 cash, 1-3 1 year 1 3 2 years.
Wilson Peters' Addition—Cheap lots, desirable lots, central lots are the lots of Wilson Peters, on Mt. Vernon avenue, and Elm street, now offered by Chase & Hunter. Come early for choice.
We have a few lots yet in T. P. Wallace's sub division, which are very nicely located for nice homes; not many lots remain for sale on Gospel Hill.
Large Corner Lot and House of 7 rooms, with wood and coal house, barn, hennery, fruit, flowers, well—cost $80, cistern, on north Main street; price $200.

CHASE & HUNTER,

Up Stairs, 123 W. Center St.

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